SEMI-WEEKLY IRON PORT.

VOLUME XXII, NO. 33.

INSURANCE--REAL BATATE.

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ESCANABA, MICH., TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1891.

MANY MINOR MATTERS IN A NUT SHELL. nothing.

The Iron Port News Gleaners Find a Considerable Number of Interesting Local News Items In Their Wanderings.

TERSE TALES OF THE TOWN

This is the way the Alger county Republican pokes fun at our fishermen: "It is reported that one of the prominent members of the medical fraternity from Escaand Au Train, this week, became so ex- | dodged the thirty-day alternative. cited when he caught a 3-pound trout on

in search of him, and when found he was lying on his back panting for breath. It's a rule that works both ways. When able to speak his first words were, "Did I get "im?" It took the guide some had lost the fish in his wild flight, but he made within a few days. felt much better when one of the boys the river in some bushes. "Come out of the woods, doctor!"

'Twon't do, though, Baldwin. That was not the first 3-pounder the doctor has struck, by a many; and he got over age. getting rattled years ago.

Iron ore is dull of sale, the drought has spoiled the hay crop and the fires have spoiled much cedar, but the huckleberry crop is all right. The Negaunee Herald says, "Albert Boyer, of this city, has es-Sands, down the line of the C. & N. W. ticing. R'y, and is preparing to gather the huckle-berry crop in that vicinity. The berries are said to be ripening fast and picking will begin no later than next week. He expects to employ between fifty and one hundred in picking berries and will ship them to Chicago markets."

Union sailors from other vessels in har- of last week. bor boarded the schooner Sheldon onenight last week and, partly by solicitacrew to leave the ship. The men returned to the vessel for breakfast, however, and offered, if protection was guaranteed, to remain and perform duty. The protection was guaranteed by our peace officers upon the captain's application, and the

no doubt, by the construction hither of THREE DAYS' OCCURENCES a second, competing, railway. The extension from Menominee along the shore of the Milwaukee & St. Paul system (or a branch of that system from any other point) would be the best thing, but a GLEANED FROM VARIOUS 'Soo" connection would be better than

The ladies ask us to announce a change in the place of their social for the benefit of the Bay de Noc sufferers by fire. It will be given to-morrow evening, but at the People's opera house instead of G. A. R. Armony.

Pat. Farley, for a Sunday drunk with extras, resisting arrest and too much chin, got a double dose of it when he came to settle with the city in 'Squire for five years, Whiton, the Ewen post-Stonhouse's court. It took \$12.70 to office robber, got two years, and the naba, who was angling on the Slapneck balance the books, but he found it, and Weigle brothers, for making bogus dollars at Iron Mountain, the same time.

cited when he caught a 3-pound trout on A chap who proposes to "work" our his hook that he started on a run for the town for books sends us a long adverwoods with the fish flying in the air. The tisement but says "we never pay any doctor's guide took a compass and went cash for advertising." Just the same, we never pay any cash for (his) books.

The work of loading the machinery, of patent by the Soo lock is a good claim. etc., of the Cochrane works is going on time to get the doctor to believe that he and the transfer to Basic City will be nual convention at Marquette last week. T. D. Martindale was drowned in Baw-

M. Anderson has bought Hessel's upfound the 3-pounder several rods from town market, 821 Ludington street, and in the boat with him when it capsized will run it, wide open.

Mrs. Grenier, mother of Cyrille Grenier, was very low yesterday, so low that her life was despaired of. She is 74 years of

The colors of the fleet in port yesterday visit this region soon. were at half mast for Capt. John Nelson. of the J. H. Outhwaite, whose death was announced by wire from Cleveland. If Gov. Winaus has made up his mind

board and lodge them and keep a special about the justices the fact has not tranpolice force to protect them. tablished several camps in the vicinity of spired, publicly, and they keep on jus-

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

The Comings and Goings of People as Told by Iron Port Reporters.

T. J. Tracy got home from Marquette where he had served on the jury in the U. S. district court, on Thursday evening

Miss L. Flint, of Fond du Lac, is visiting at Mr. Lyman's.

Pool, the florist, returned on Friday from a two week's visit at Chicago. 23d, chose Joseph P. Horner, of Louis-

the settlement with the underwriters.

lake, on an ore carrier, to Cleveland.

Mr. Loweth, who planned our sewers,

parted for the wide west.

town on Friday of last week.

I. C. Jennings has for a week past eniana, General Grand High Priest for the tertained his sister, whose home is in ensuing triennial term. Eaton county.

The Farmers' Alliance boycotts. A Gordon Murray, of the Metropolitan | farmer in Bartholomew county, Indiana, Lumber company's office at Metropolitan

NEW SERIES VOL. I. NO. 25.

the U.S. war steamer Pensacola was mistaken for an insurgenterait by the Chilian torpedo boat Condell and destroyed, with a loss of fivemen. The Chilian commander made profuse apologies.

At Middletown, Ohio, Saturday night, an excursion train collided with a freight and seven persons were killed and thirty wounded.

A cloud burst on the mountain above it sent a flood through the town of Genoa, Nevada, and wrecked it.

The navy department discredits the story about the sinking of the Pensacola's launch. Says the ship was not at Arica on the day mentioned.

Sullivan has put up \$1,000 forfeit for a finish fight with with Slavin.

Competitive Railway Service. Every Escanaban realizes the benefit that would accrue to our city from the A dividend of \$1.25 a share has just establishing of a competing line of railbeen declared on Norrie stock. It paid way and every one wants to see it established but no one seems to know how it is to be brought about. The Schlesinger road promised it, but we all know how effect that Burt's claim for infringement that promise failed. The M. & N. had al-" The Bankers' Association held its anways talked of a branch to our city, but the St. Paul does not. Unless we can manage the matter ourselves the prospect is that no competition is available beese lake on the 21st. A lady who was for us for many years. But it can be brought about. We can raise money enough, without going out of iown, to F. B. Phelps, who was for a time on build five miles of railroad and a station; the Copper Journal and is now on the we can find men capable of running it, editorial force of the Engineering and independently, in connection with the Mining Journal, writes us that he will "Soo" road, or can make a bargain with that road to run it, pay interest on its The Battle Creek School Furniture Co. cost and maintenance charges, or to buy is trying to run its iron foundry with the little road outright. Why not organnon-union labor, and is compelled to ize the company and get at the work? Fifty thousand dollars would build and equip the road, or half that sum would A chap that has been insulting and build it, leaving the matter of equipment frightening girls and women at Pontiac, to be considered afterwards. Surely that has been caught. Tie him up by the amount can be raised. thumbs and stripe his back with a "black-

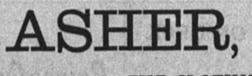
> Port List. Arrived since July 24.

With coal: Shawnee, Norris, K. Winslow, Senator, Williams-4,990 tons.

Light: German, Briton, Wesley, Corsica, Chippewa, Siberia, Oceanica, Folsom Massachusetts, Wright, Street, Manches-ter, Metacomet, Schlesinger, Law, Parker, Cherokee, Gogebic, Saxon, Plankingtou, Nelson, Joliet, Davidson, Minnesota, Corona, Toltec, Aztec, Zapotec, Peterson, Marsh, Pueblo, Warmington, Waverly, Norman.

Sailed, since July 24.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL! REMOVAL!



THE CLOTHIER.

-WILL CLOSE OUT HIS ENTIRE STOCK OF-

***GOODS BELOW COST ***

Before removing from the city Sept. 1. Count ers and Fixtures for sale.

706 Ludington St., Glavin Brick Block.

On all our Summer Stock, consisting of Men's and Boys' Suits, Pants, Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Trunks and Valises and all Summer Goods at and Below Cost. Now is your chance to buy Goods at Your Own Price.

Men's Suits, formerly \$7.50	now at	\$5.25
Men's Fine Cass Suits, formerly - 10.00	4	7.50
Men's Fine Worsted Suits. formerly 13.50		10.50
Men's Fine Frock Suits, formerly - 15.50	- 46	11.25
Men's Working Pants, formerly - 1.50	46 -	.90
Men's Better Grade Pants, formerly 2.25	1. 16	1.50
Men's Fine Pants, formerly - 3.50	- 46	2.50
Men's Fine F'cy Worsted P'tsformerly 6.25	- 4	4.25
Boys' Suits, formerly - 2.25		1.50
u u 4.50	- 44	8.25
Men's Working Shoes, formerly - 1.50	. 44	.90
2.50	- 44	1.50
" Fine Shoes, formerly 3.00		2.10
" Shirts from 25c and upwards.		
Hate of all hinds from 50e and unmande		

And other goods in proportion which space will not permit. Come while the sale lasts. For 30 Days Only ASHER'S CLOTHING HOUSE 706 Ludington St., Glavin Brick Block,

A wreck on the Wisconsin division delayed the mail train from the south. last

Friday, over four hours. The Newburg, of the Lehigh line, took pig iron from here on Friday last.

"A feast or a famine," says Henry Dunn; "either idle or more coal than we can handle, and the fellow that has to wait swearing a blue streak." Just now it's the feast, and the swearing.

Any subscriber to the Iron Port who wants, also, the Detroit Weekly Tribune can have it at 50 cents a year by sending us the cash.

The Corsica made a round trip from Ashtabula here and return in four days, two hours and fifty minutes, of which time eight hours and thirty-six minutes was occupied in loading and trimming. The Preston had got off the reef, by the aid of a passing tug, before the Monarch reached her. She suffered no damage.

The Mirror could not second our suggestion that the wheelmen keep off the sidewalks without making a dirty, personal attack upon an individual-it is its way of promoting harmony and good feeling.

The Swedish Lutheran church people expect to net \$1,500 from their fair, to be held at the People's opera house Aug. 31 to Sept. 5. The Iron Port hopes their expectations will be realized.

A brief announcement that "the expriest Chiniquy" was to lecture here next week, provokes the Mirror to a half-column of vituperation and hypocrisy. The row it kicked up about the A. P. A. has been its living, and it loses no opportunity to blow the embers of religious hatred, yet it prates about "sorrow." It cares nothing for religion, don't think it; it is after the big American dollar, and plays religion for a winning card, that's

We are told that the Sheridan company will put some miners at work and have some ore on the surface, ready to sell when the demand comes, as it assuredly will later in the season. The deal with the Weston furnace, at Manistique, did not go.

The Lincoln mine is "looking well," the drift south at 280 feet has found the ore. The Delta's picture of "the County gang" is unsatisfactory-Phil's is about the only face we can identify in the thirteen. Hulda Anderson a Swedish girl who has been two years in the hospital, died Sunday. Consumption was her malady. O The dock at North Escanaba is number 5 and is steadily in use. The trimmers who got there first formed a union, at once, and so stood off their brethren and have the dock to themselves.

of nice fish. Escanaba would be largely benefited, country.

al water course which drains 75 square

Green Bay.

miles of surface. S. C. Brown, of Green Bay, looked after express matters here yesterday. C. T. Merrifield and wife, of the Soo, A

H. Bright and L. M. Pembleton, of Minneapolis, W. T. Gray, of Omaha, and W. Collins, of Muskegon, were booked at the Oliver since our last. Mr. Asher is winding up biz and will try some other town.

Mr. Fuller returned from Virginia on Sanday

Fred Olmsted is in town, attending court.

Geo. Hammer was drawn on the jury but begged off.

Fred W. McKinney, who now hails from Benton Harbor, was in town yesterday.

C. E. Kramer, of Chicago, counsel in a case coming to trial this week, arrived yesterday.

Common Sense on Matrimony.

A law has been promulgated in one of riage state until she is proficent in spinning, knitting and baking. It is very clear that the Norwegian authorities have more sense in delicate matters of this kind than we Americans. It is very nice to be able to waltz divinely, to warmagpie in the dead and living languages, but unless one has the money to

maintain all these accomplishments and "Time Goods" and "Perishable" are to see that their possessor is properly set proper labels for the cars when they go in attractive surroundings they are not don't seem quite so appropriate when to kuit and bake. These homely accom-

don't seem quite so appropriate when they come back bringing pig iron. The fishing trip to the Au Train last week was satisfactory, though that stream is getting fished too much. Dr. Owen went home with 40 or 50 pounds torse sense could be cultivated in this lake, St Mary's river, last Saturday

who refuses to join it can't get his wheat was in town on Friday last, aiding in thrashed.

The Corsica delivered two cargoes of

ore at Ashtabula, one from here and one

from Ashland, in nine days and a half-

the best time ever made by an ore

drogher. Her freight bills amounted to

The General Grand Chapter, R. A. Ma-

sons, in session at Minneapolis on the

SOURCES.

News Nuggets From All Parts of the Globe Condensed For Easy Read-

ing and Worthy of Your

Perusal.

The U.S. court at Marquette sent Con-

sidine to the Detroit house of correction

Dispatches from Washington are to the

\$8.25 a share last year.

was saved.

snake "

\$5,000.

The entire system of street railways of A. L. Foster, of Foster City was in Detroit, eighty miles of track, has been bought up by New York and Boston capitalists. The price was five millions. The A note from John Strahorn (covering a remittance for the Iron Port) conveys new ownership will put in electric motors and "rapid transit," and will have 4,000 the intelligence that his family will visit here soon. Wish he would come himself. horses to sell.

The Athabasca had to go to Detroit State treasurer Braastad and Mr. A. for repairs, there being no establishment C. Saunders, of Cleveland, came from the North by rail on Saturday and went by in Canada, accessible to her, capable of putting her in trim again. Being in Amer-Mrs. Ann Kellner and Mrs. J. Kellner ican waters she was at once libeled for the damage to the Pontiac, and the case and son departed yesterday to visit at will be settled in our courts.

Mrs. and Miss Jennings will go to-mor-At Portsmouth. Neb., by the bursting of a locomotive boiler, two men were row to spend some time at Petoskey and killed and three wounded on the 23d. visit "at home"-Charlotte, Eaton county.

John E. Tourtellotte, once colonel of Capt. Hudson, who has helped Jo. Le-Claire make the Express readable, has de-7th regular cavalry, a gallant soldier and a thorough gentleman, died on the 28d. is working on a big job of the kind in Sioux City, a tunnel 6,150 feet long and at La Crosse. He was buried in the national cemetery at Arlington.

25.5 feet in diameter is a part of the job, W. H. Merritt, once colonel of the 1st Iowa, died on the 23d, at Cedar Rapids, and the estimated cost is nearly \$800,000. The sewer is to take the place of a natur- at 71 years of age.

The coal mine at Glenrock, Wyoming, is on fire and must be flooded to save it, The new law of Illinois directing weekly payments to wage workers can not be complied with by the municipality of Chicago and the law is said to be so

loosely drawn as to be worthless. There was a heavy frost at Negaune on the morning of Monday, July, 19, the Herald says it.

The fastest mile ever trotted in Michigan was done by the stallion Nelson. on the 22d-2,11%.

Inspector Pulcifer has just pulled up the postmaster at Mondovi, Wis. He has gobbled over \$2,000 of Uncle Sam's

Archbishop Katzer bans the order of Knights of Pythias; say its teachings are anti-Catholic.

Murders like those in White chapel were committed at Marseilles last week and the murderer is supposed to be the same

Acting secretary of war Grant will assume charge of the Portage Lake canals the provinces of Norway to the effect at once and begin their improvement as that no girl shall be eligible for the mar- soon as the treasury furnishes the money. A bad collision, resulting in the death of five men and the wounding of twenty others took place on the 24th on the Denver & Rio Grande road twenty miles from Pueblo.

The "Amalgamated Societies" declared ble like a canary and to chatter like a off the strike at the Duquesne works last Saturday-beaten.

A barge having on board an excursion party of Knights of Pythias was run down and sunk in the Hudson river. eight miles below Albany. As the river north laden with berries and melons, but half so servicable as the ability to spin, is very shallow there no one was drown-

At Arica, Chili, the launch belonging to

With ore: Hesper, Corsica, Briton, German, Hayes, Cambria, Wells, Cherokee, Chippewa, Gogebic, Saxon, Progress, Corona, Joliet, Davidson, Toltec, Peterson Aztec, Zapotec, Norman-Ashtabula. Grover Townsend, Ed Kelly, City of Rome Pabst, Clint, Oceanica, Stewart, Wright, Schlesinger, Law, Plankington, Siberia, Anrora, Adams, Helena, Rogers, Elphicke-Buffalo. Minnesota, Manchester, Parker, Metacomet, Wesley, Manhattan -Chicago.

Good Show. Hard Luck.

The Steen, Zanzic & Mott company did not open at all on Wednesday evening, the storm kept people indoors. On Thursday evening the weather was still unpropitious and the attendance so small that to those who did come their money was refunded, but a gratuitous show of the 4th Minnesota and later major of the forty minutes' duration-just samples of what they could do-was given. Zanzic is a "Magician" of first rank or if not quite that, far ahead of any who ever visited our city. His tricks on Thursday evening were performed so skillfully as to make every person present wish to see more. The same may be said in substance of Mrs. Steen, whose feats of "mind reading" or "clairvoyance" were incomprehensible. The manager, Mr. Royce is so confident that the company will draw well if a return date can be arranged that he has applied for one, and the company will probably give us an evening during the coming month. If it does there will be a scramble for seats. Friday and Saturday uext is the date.

About the Trimmers.

"The iron ore trimmers at Escanaba and Ashland have affiliated with the Seamen's Union. The result will be to cause considerable trouble in trimming boats at these ports that carry nonunion crews."

The foregoing we clip from the marine column of the Milwaukee Sentinel. It, or something its equivalent, has appeared in some paper about once a week since the opening of navigation and (as to Escanaba) without a basis in fact at any time. The men who trim ore cargoes at this place do not stop to investigate the character of the crew when a cargo is to be trimmed; all they want to be assured of is their four cents a ton, and their only complaint is that the cargoes do not succeed each other at closer intervals. No. the Escanaba trimmers are no cat's paws -they attend strictly to their own business, in order that they may have something over, come November 30 and five months lay off.

Cycles and Sidewalks.

Iron Port is glad to see (and say) that the more thoughtful of the cyclers take to the pavement without waiting for the action of the city council, but the action should be taken for the benefit of those who are not thoughtful of the rights of others, of whom there are a few. They will continue to make the sidewalks safe for old people and children until the Marshal is empowered by ordinance to "regulate" them; let us have the ordin-

THE SEMI-WEEKLY IRON PORT, JULY 28, 1891.

THE OLD-FASHIONED ORADLE.

It stands beside me now-the dear old-fash-

loned crudie, My sainted mother hallowed, long ago, An she crooped a low sweet tune, o'er her roay.

sleepy darlings, While she rucked the eradie gently, to and

Ere' while I dimly dream to-night, fond mem-ories steal o'er ma, Dear childhood days -all radiant with bloom! What happy pictures do I see, what sweet eyes desply tender, Within the cheerful light of mother's rocm!

Without the latticed window-place, sweet open-

ing roses clambered; There sunbeams played all day in calm con-

tent: And tendrilled morning-giory vines, all tremu-ions with brightness. Their witching beauty with the roses blent.

And shrined amid the long soit grass, through

days of summer weather, Our play-house' grew 'heath grapevines' cooling shade: And when at night the glow-worms came with-

in our leafy dwelling, We thought them rosy lights the fairies made!

Fair childhood days! Dear home of yore, where once the sun shone brighest! Though time has hushed thy notes of min-

strelsy. The mother love-the face so dear, that bent

each night about us. Oan never, never more forgotten bel

What dreams she fashioned of us then-each

waxen touch she welcomed! Soft, sunny curis, and radiant, wondering

eyes! The little forms that clung and clasped, the darling baby's prattle. Were gifts of love sent down from paradise!

O memories sweet! ye shine between the sad-

dening years of sorrow; Ere' while I dream of dear ones lost to me: Softly I croon the old sweet tune, above my

darling's cradie, darling's cradie, And ask God's sunlight o'er its memory! —Good Housekeeping.

AN ALABAMA JUDGE.

Justice of the Peace Denson's Many Queer Decisions.

For Eighteen Years He Defied All Laws Trying Murder Cases and Divorce Suits and Resigned at Last to the Sorrow of All.

An Alabama merchant, says the New York Evening Sun, who lived many years in a country town in that state, entertained a party of friends last night with some stories of an old countryman who held the office of justice of the peace down there for many years.

"Jerry Denson didn't know anything about law books-never read one in his life," he said, "but he had a big heart and level head. His neighbors all loved him, and when he was elected justice of the peace in Mulberry township, Ala., they knew he would deal out pure and unadulterated justice without any legal frills or formalities. Jerry held the office eighteen years, being reelected eight times without opposi-

"Three different governors threatened to remove him, five grand juries investigated him, but every time he came out with colors flying, and Judge Denison, as everybody called him, became one of the best-known men in the

that you killed that negro,' he said, 'for that you killed that negro,' he said, 'for they say the proof's all agin you; but he needed killin' about as bad as any-one in this settlement, and I guess everybody's glad to be rid of him. But courts can't work for nothin', prisoner, so I'll fine you'ten dollars and costs.' "'The fine was paid, and while this disposition of the case excited some comment nothing was aver done about

comment nothing was ever done about it, the people of the neighborhood seeming to agree with Judga Denson that it was a good way to get rid of the negro

"The judge had more respect for the Bible than he had for the law, and when negroes appeared as witnesses in his court he made them kiss the almanac. 'I don't allow no reflections cast on the Bible in this court,' he explained one day when a lawyer objected to having colored witnesses sworn on the almanac.

"Judge Denson's form of oath and his form of the marriage ceremony were brief and not exactly according to the code, but both were effective. When he administered the oath to a witness he said: 'You swear here, in the presence of God A mity and this court to tell the truth, so help you Jesus. Amen!"

"His marriage ceremony was something like this: 'John, you love this woman? Mary. you love this man? Then you are man an' wife, and the cost is two dollars.'

"His first divorce case came up after he had been in office eight years, and the principals happened to be a couple he had united in marriage some five years before. The husband was the plaintiff and the wife had engaged a lawyer. When the husband told how his wife had pulled his hair, boxed his ears and then went to a candy pulling with another man Judge Denson promptly declared them 'put asunder according to the law and the Gospel.' "'But, your honor, you have no jurisdiction in this case,' suggested the de-

fendant's attorney. "'No what? asked the judge, sternly-no man had ever before dared question one of his decisions.

"'You have no athority in this case. The law does not give a justice of the peace power to grant a divorce.' "'Didn't I marry this couple?' "Yes, but-'

"'Then I'll unmarry 'em, an' you are fined ten dollars for bein' in contemp of this court. I'd like to see the law that gives me the power to splice people an' then says I can't uncouple 'em when they've got Scriptural proof.'

"The decision stood and no appeal was ever taken.

"In the trial of a suit for damages where the plaintiff claimed to have been swindled in a horse swap the defendant demanded a jury to try the case and Judge Denson had a jury summoned. It was summer and court was held in the shade of a big oak tree that day because the judge's office was too small to hold all the spectators. When the evidence was all taken the jury retired to a thick clump of bushes some distance away to make up their verdict. At the end of an hour they returned and reported that they could not agree. "'But you must agree,' said the judge, and he sent them back to the seclusion of the bushes. Again they returned without a verdict and reported that eight were for the plaintiff and four for the defendant. "'Well, that's a verdict. A majority always rules in this country,' and the judge entered a verdict for the plaintiff on his docket. "Once a negro was on trial before Judge Denson for carrying concealed weapons. He had a lawyer who wanted to prove that the prisoner's life had been threatened, and under such circumstances the law allowed him to carry weapons. The evidence all in. the lawyer arose with a book in his hand and said: 'May it please your honor, I have here a recent decision of the supreme court in a case similar in every way to this one, and the court ordered the acquistal of the defendant.' "Then I'll overrule the supreme court an' fine the defendant fifty dollars

POINTS ABOUT ARCHERY.

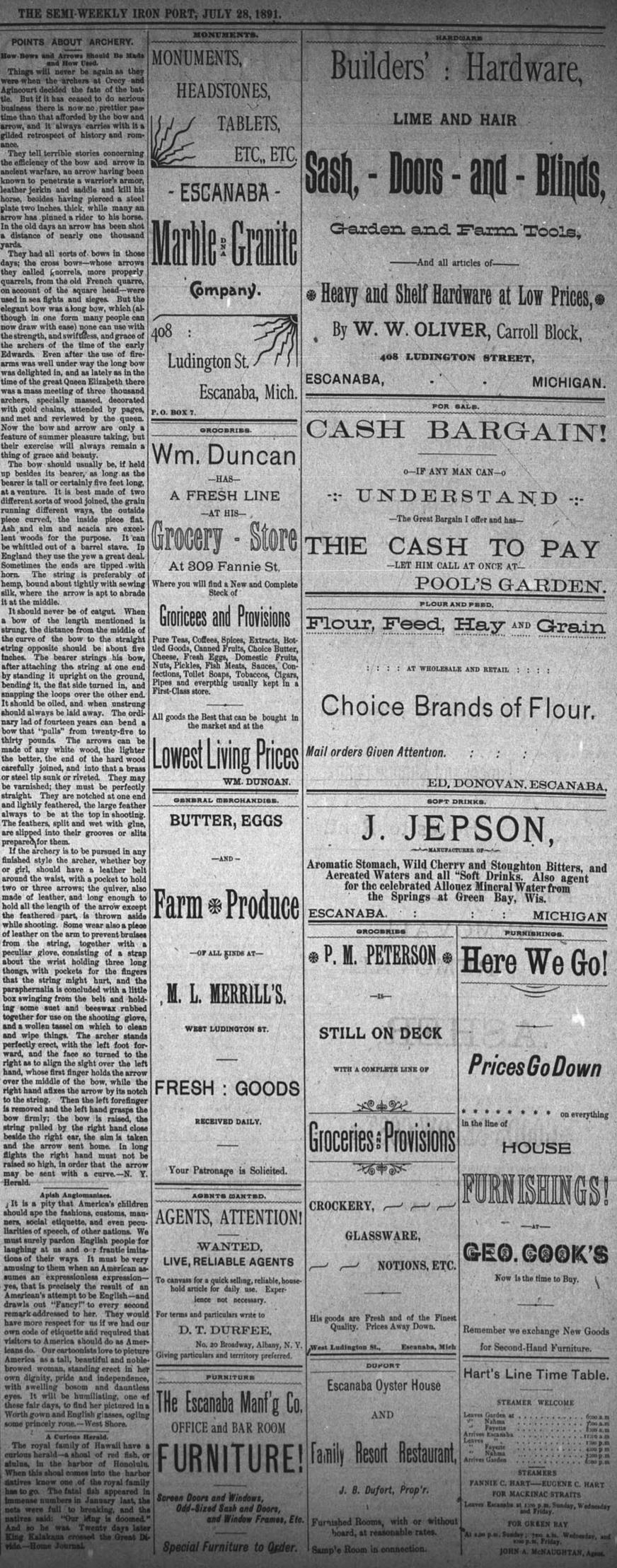
How Bows and Arrows Should Be Mada and How Used. Things will never be again as they were when the archers at Crecy and Agincourt decided the fate of the battle. But if it has ceased to do serious business there is now no prettier pas-time than that afforded by the bow and arrow, and it always carries with it a gilded retrospect of history and rom-

They tell terrible stories concerning the efficiency of the bow and arrow in ancient warfare, an arrow having been known to penetrate a warrior's armor, leather jerkin and saddle and kill his horse, besides having pierced a steel plate two inches thick, while many an arrow has pinned a rider to his horse. In the old days an arrow has been shot a distance of nearly one thousand yards.

They had all sorts of bows in those days; the cross bows-whose arrows they called kuorrels, more properly quarrels, from the old French quarre, on account of the square head-were used in sea fights and sieges. But the elegant bow was along bow, which (although in one form many people can now draw with ease) none can use with the strength, and swiftness, and grace of the archers of the time of the early Edwards. Even after the use of fire arms was well under way the long bow was delighted in, and as lately as in the time of the great Queen Elizabeth there was a mass meeting of three thousand archers, specially massed, decorated with gold chains, attended by pages, and met and reviewed by the queen. Now the bow and arrow are only a feature of summer pleasure taking, but their exercise will always remain a thing of grace and beauty. The bow should usually be, if held

up besides its bearer, as long as the bearer is tall or certainly five feet long, at a venture. It is best made of two different sorts of wood joined, the grain running different ways, the outside piece curved, the inside piece flat. Ash and elm and acacia are excellent woods for the purpose. It can be whittled out of a barrel stave. In England they use the yew a great deal. Sometimes the ends are tipped with horn. The string is preferably of hemp, bound about tightly with sewing silk, where the arrow is apt to abrade it at the middle.

It should never be of catgut. When a bow of the length mentioned is strung, the distance from the middle of the curve of the bow to the straight string opposite should be about five inches. The bearer strings his bow, after attaching the string at one end by standing it upright on the ground, bending it, the flat side turned in, and snapping the loops over the other end. It should be oiled, and when unstrung should always be laid away. The ordinary lad of fourteen years can bend a bow that "pulls" from twenty-five to thirty pounds. The arrows can be made of any white wood, the lighter the better, the end of the hard wood carefully joined, and into that a brass or steel tip sunk or riveted. They may



state.

"The judge's library consisted of a Bible, a form book and an almanae, but in time he picked up a score or more of legal phrases from the lawyers who practiced in his court. He had little patience with lawyers, especially when they attempted to secure a rul-ing in their client's favor on legal technicalities.

"When his neighbors quarreled and threatened to go to law, Judge Denson always advised them to settle the matter outside of court if possible, and save costs. If they persisted and brought suit, he often made them regret their failure to take his advice by his bill for costs. When people went to law in his court somebody had to pay the costs.

"Lawyers often exhausted his patience by asking a witness seemingly unnecessary questions, and then he would take a hand, and either ask the questions, himself or answer for the witness.

"No case was too large or too small for Judge Denson. He tried men for murder and let them off with a fine of ten dollars and costs, granted divorces; sentenced prisoners to six and twelve months' hard labor on his own farm, and enforced the sentence. He also tried cases resulting from family quarrels, suits for debts of ten cents, suits that had no legal basis or status; in fact, all was grist that came to his mill

"One day a case was on trial and the plaintiff's lawyer was asking the witness unnecessary questions. Tom Simpson, one of the judge's neighbors, took the stand and the lawyer began: "What did I understand you to say your name was?'

"'Tom Simpson.'

"'Mr. Simpson, where do you reside?" "Here Judge Denson interrupted, and turning to the lawyer, said: 'His name is Tom Simpson; he lives on Turkey creek; moved there from Winston county fourteen years ago; he owes me four dollars and six bits; been owin' it nigh on to a year now; he married old man

Seth Allen's gal Nancy. "Maybe you know Seth; he's a brother of Steve Allen that run for sheriff two years ago. Seth lives at the old Baseom place; bought it from Dan Smith; give him four hundred dollars an' a spavined hoss for it. Now go on with the case, Mr. Lawyer, and Tom, mind you tell the truth. I knowed your old daddy 'fore you was borned, an' a honester man than old Bill Simpson never breathed the breath of life.'

"After this complete biography of the witness the lawyer proceeded di-rectly to the facts of the case.

"The first murder case Judge Denson ever tried was that of a negro who had killed another colored man. The had killed another colored man. The murdered man had a bad reputation, and there was some provocation for the deed. When the case was called the defendant had two lawyers and a score of witnesses, while numerous friends of the dead man were present to see that justice was done. Judge Demon did not propose to waste rain-able time on negroes, so he called on the prisoner to stand up. "Now, there ain't no use denyin'

and costs." "Once a civil case was tried by Denson, in which two lawyers were em-ployed. When the evidence was all in, the attorneys held a brief consultation to decide upon the order in which they should speak. As the first one rose to address the court, Denson cut him short by saying: 'Now you fellows just wait till I decide this case an' then you can spout law all day if you want to.'

"Vagrants of all degrees, and every man charged with a criminal offense who was not able to pay a fine, Denson would sentence to terms of hard labor on his farm.

"When asked once for an explanation of such unwarranted proceedings, his reply was that the law allowed him costs in every case he tried, and, if a man had no money, how was the court to get the cost if he didn't work it out? To this logical opinion there was no reply, and no one ever interfered with the judge afterward.

"The redeeming features of Judge Denson's remarkable administration of justice was that he usually managed to get at the truth of a case, and never allowed any legal technicalities to in-fluence his decisions. If a man was guilty he was punished in some way, and if innocent he was discharged. True, the judge decided a great many cases over which the laws of the state gave him no jurisdiction, and in many ways he violated the letter of the statutes, but as his decisions were usually just from a moral standpoint, they were allowed to stand.

"Several times dissatisfied parties to civil suits and lawyers called the attention of the governor or the grand jury to Denson's method of doing business, but every investigation resulted in a vindication for the judge. Once he was called before a grand jury and asked if he knew what law was

""Yes,' he answered. 'Law is a lot of

"Tes,' he answered. 'Law is a lot of stuff put in books by lawyers to keep honest people out of their rights.' "The jury thought this definition was so near the truth that they allowed the judge to go. After eighteen years' service he declined to accept the office again, to the regrat of his friends."

d; they must be perfectly straight. They are notched at one end and lightly feathered, the large feather always to be at the top in shooting. The feathers, split and wet with glue, are slipped into their grooves or slits prepared for them.

If the archery is to be pursued in any finished style the archer, whether boy or girl, should have a leather belt around the waist, with a pocket to hold two or three arrows; the quiver, also made of leather, and long enough to hold all the length of the arrow except the feathered part, is thrown aside while shooting. Some wear also a piece of leather on the arm to prevent bruises from the string, together with a peculiar glove, consisting of a strap about the wrist holding three long thongs, with pockets for the fingers that the string might hurt, and the paraphernalia is concluded with a little box swinging from the belt and holding some suct and beeswax rubbed together for use on the shooting glove, and a wollen tassel on which to clean and wipe things. The archer stands perfectly erect, with the left foot for-ward, and the face so turned to the right as to align the sight over the left hand, whose first finger holds the arrow over the middle of the bow, while the right hand afixes the arrow by its notch to the string. Then the left forefinger is removed and the left hand grasps the bow firmly; the bow is raised, the string palled by the right hand close beside the right ear, the aim is taken and the arrow sent home. In long flights the right hand must not be raised so high, in order that the arrow may be sent with a curve.-N. Y. Herald.

Apish Anglomaniacs.

It is a pity that America's children should ape the fashions, customs, manners, social etiquette, and even peculiarities of speech, of other nations. We must surely pardon English people for laughing at us and or frantic imitations of their ways. It must be very amusing to them when an American as-sumes an expressionless expressionyes, that is precisely the result of an American's attempt to be English-and drawls out "Fancy!" to every second remark addressed to her. They would For terms and particulars write to have more respect for us if we had our own code of etiquette and required that visitors to America should do as Americans do. Our cartoonists love to picture America as a tall, beautiful and noble-

A Curlous Herald.

The royal family of Hawaii have a curious herald-a shoal of red fish, or situlus, in the harbor of Honolulu. When this shoal comes into the harbor When this shoal comes into the harbor natives know one of the royal family has to go. The fatal fish appeared in immense numbers in January last, the nets were full to breaking, and the natives said: "Our leng is doomed." And so he was Twenty days later King Kalakaua crossed the Great Di-vide.--Home Journal

THE SEMI-WEEKLY IRON PORT JULY 28, 1891.

BEDTIME SONG.

Rockaby baby, rockaby dear." Zoftly I sing, a head nestles near; Pesceful the face, and tranquil the brow, Off for the ride to babyland now, "Rockaby, rockaby dear."

Bockaby baby, rockaby dear," Day-time's passing, night draweth near, Birds are asleep in nests song and neat, In from their play come pattering feet, "Rockaby, rockaby dear."

Bockaby baby, rockaby dear." Up in the Heavens soon there'll appear, Beautiful lamps the Futher will light, Bright'ning the gloom and darkness of night, "Rockaby, rockaby dear."

" Boekaby baby, rockaby love," God looketh down from His home up above, Guarding the birds and the wee creatures all, Guarding while the great and the small, "Rockaby, rockaby dear,"

" Rockaby baby, rockaby dear." Sweet rosy obesks, two lids linger near, Lids grown too heavy will soon hide from view Beautiful eyes of the boaniest blue, "Rockaby, rockaby dear."

"Rockaby baby, rockaby dear." Softly I sing, a head nestics near, Fast, fast asleep. Still I linger in bliss, Can Heaven send blessings richer than this? "Rockaby, rockaby dear." -Beriba Packard Englet, in Good House

GIRLS AND, BURGLARS.

Three Girls Relate Their Adventures with Thieves.

They sat up late last night, but they had fairly good excuses for prowling about in the dark corridors of the boarding house in the small hours. The red-headed girl, who is a stenographer, had a great many folios to click out on her typewriter, and the colossus of a girl who is studying at Barnard college was unable to go to sleep for the clicking, and the jolly girl who is drawing at Cooper Union sat with her head on one side hour after hour trying to finish a face that gave her no end of trouble. In the end she threw her crayon at its nose and tiptoed across the hall.

As she softly pushed the door open the Barnard girl, who was bending sleepily over something Greek, sprang with a start from her chair. "What would you have done," asked the Cooper Union girl, "if I had really been a burglar?"

The typewriter who roomed with the Barnard girl turned up her machine to make sure of the last letter. "I think," she answered, "that as it is always good policy to be hospitable, I should have said, as I do now, in my politest manner: 'Won't you have a chair?""

"But, really," said the tall Barnard girl, as she bent to pick up her scattered sheets of queer, crabbed characters, "I often think of it when I have to go away downstairs at this hour of night, when they've turned out the gas on every landing, to find a book I've left in the front hall. I start with four or five matches, but there's always a draught that blows them out or they won't light except on the box, and I forget the box, and I say to myself as I poke around on the cold marble slab of that hat stand: 'What should I do if my fingers touched something?"" "Feel of it, I should suppose," replied the Cooper Union girl, "to see if it weren't the book you were hunting for." "But in sober carnest," persisted the timid colossus, "what would you do if you were all alone and you met a burglar?" "I'll tell you," said the typewriter, facing about in her chair, "what I did when I met mine." "You've really seen one?" The Cooper Union girl and the Barnard girl bent forward. The clock struck one. It. was a delightfully weird hour for story telling. "Well, not to say a whole burglar, but I saw his fingers. They were very long, and slender, and dirty." "Where was the rest of him?" "Out on the garden path. You see, it was at home, out on Long Island, two or three summers ago. I wrote verses then. You mightn't believe it, but one set was really copied into a New York newspaper. I did it mostly at night after the folks had gone to bed, and this night there wasn't anybody to go to bed, for mother and I were speuding a month alone, and mother had been sent for to watch with a sick neighbor. "The verses were about a knight and some pond lilies. I forget the exact connection between them, but it was very pathetic, and it made me cry. I usually did cry over my verses, and that was why I stopped writing them -that and the trouble it was to find rhymes. "I was very much interested in the knight. But of a sudden I stopped crying and writing, for I had the most curious sensation, as if somebody were looking at me." The Cooper Union girl and the Bar-nard girl said: "Go on!" "I looked up at a picture that was on the wall. It had queer eyes and the man it was painted from was dead, and I never liked it, especially late in the evening, but it didn't seem to be staring in my direction any harder than usual. Then I noticed that both doors were shut, and then something pulled my head around toward the window." Again the Cooper Union girl and the Barnard girl said: "Go on!" "There were outside blinds-green blinds, you know: I had shut them when I lighted the lamp and had left the window open. It seemed to me that one blund moved. I winked the last of the tears away and looked again. One blind was certainly ajar, but if it had moved at all it had stopped moving. I bent my head over my paper, but I kept a sidewise lookout through my lashes. In a minute or two the blind moved again; I was sure of it this time. My heart thumped and I forgot all about the knight and the pond lilies. In a minuto I saw, as I told, you, fin-gers A hand had taken a firm grasp of the blind that it might not bang, and the long, brownish fingers had slipped around on the inside." The Barnard girl said, breathlessly: "What did you do?" "I sat a minute in woold perspiration. Then I-got up and walked straight to

the door that was beside the window. opened it and stepped out on the pi-

"And you saw-"

"Nothing; it was a very dark night, but I heard a jump and a scamper and then the dogs next door began to bark and the moon came ont a bit and three dark figures went tearing up the street with the dogs and two or three men from the neighbors' after them. You see, after all, it's a very tame story. The burglars were never caught. Two of them had tried the house next door and one was reconnoitering me. But I've wondered sometimes if I had stopped to think should I have gone and opened the door?"

"Now," said the Cooper Union girl, "I'm going to tell you my burglar story.

"You!" said both the others: "have you seen a burglar?" They drew close together and the Banard girl pulled a shawl about her shoulders.

"An up and down section of one not very wide, though considerably greater in extent than fingers."

The typewriter left her chair and curled up among the pillows of the big old lounge. The clock struck the half hour.

"It was Decoration day. I was boarding at my brother's and everybody had gone out. Even the kitchen girl had leave to see the parade. I got home first of the family at about noon. When I entered the front hall I saw my brother's little detective camera in the middle of the floor. I thought it rather funny, and it gave me a second surprise when I saw great black prints as of a huge hand on thew all beside the stairs. I sat down on the hall settee and picked up the camera; somebody had tried to pry it open. The burglar had dropped it in disgust when it failed to yield easily; clearly he was gone. Still I tiptoed about with a certain degree of caution. The parlor and dining-room were empty and in good order. I went quietly upstairs to my own room

"This was empty, but not in good order. Everything in it had been turned upside down. The mattress was stripped off the bed, all the drawers had been pulled out of the bureau, and all my small laces and ribbons lay with the clean linen in a heap, trampled by dirty boot heels. I could have cried at the havoe, but just then I heard a sound."

The Barnard girl shivered. Then she rose and threw herself down on the couch pillows beside the typewriter. The typewriter begged a share of the shawl. They huddled in a bunch under the one wrapping. They said:" Go on!" "It seemed to come from the next

room, which belonged to my sister-inlaw. There was a door, between and on her side there was a portiere. Was the burglar still in the house? I listened; I dared not take a step in any direction. I heard somebody-whistle. Could my brother have come home? Was he looking over the ruins? The tune was 'Annie Rooney.' I had heard my brother whistle it that morning. Could it be he?

"I crept to the door and opened softly, peeping around the portiere. I saw an up and down section of a man. He was at the moment half in and half out of my sister's closet; he was not

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

-Mrs. Ignatius Grossmann (Edwins Booth) is the only woman permitted to enter the Player's club. When her father is in town and staying at the club, she goes there frequently, passing through the elevator and up to his room, almost without being seen. She is a very sedate little woman, and passionately fond of her two children.

-"Paint me like a gentleman," said an American philosopher to an artist, "as for the likeness, that doesn't amount to anything." The king of Spain, now five years old, appears to be of the same turn of mind. When the sculptor, M. Querol, at last hit up m a pose for the youthful sovereign to appear in marble, the youngster said to him: "And, above all things, please make a great tall fellow with a long mustache.

-Old as is the venerable Count de Keratry, who has just returned to France after a visit to this country, he is considerably younger than were his father and grandfather at the time of their deaths. One of them at least was considerably over one hundred years old, and should the count himself realize his expectation and live beyond the year 1900, three generations of the famlly will have seen four centuries .- N. Y. Sun.

-Gen Lew Wallace has applied for a patent on a fishing-rod which he has invented. The rod is made of aluminum. It is tubular and the reel or rather two reels are within near the handle so that it can be conveniently managed. A little bell is attached at the lower reel so that the fisherman can set the rod and wander away. A bite from a fish results in ringing the bell, thus giving the alarm to the tired and hungry fisherman.

-Archibald Forbes says he saw Count Von Moltke only twice excited. The first time was on the evening of the battle of Gravelotte, when he announced to the king of Prussia (Kaiser Wilhelm I.) the change of fortune in favor of the Prussian arms. The second time was when Forbes himself was bearer to the field marshal the news of the recovery of his nephew, who was expected to die. Tears of gratitude came into his eyes.

-A popular actress who still continues to preserve a fresh-looking face, although nearing the age of fifty, says that an excellent plan to prevent the features becoming set and old-looking is to give the face rest four or five times a day. A person should occasionally lie down, for even five minutes at a time, close the eyes and keep the face in repose. If this is done even as often as twice a day, it will prevent the haggard and weary expression noticeable in too many women.

-The young fops who congregate at the rear doors of theaters, to view the ballet girls as they emerge after the performance, may heed the warning lately administered by the proprietor of the Central theater, Philadelphia. He had repeatedly requested the welldressed sidewalk statues to pass on. They heeded him not until the other day, without a hint of what was com-



my brother." The clock struck two. The big Barnard girl moved under her shawl uneasily.

"I crept back to my room and into my closet. I curled up behind the door. It was separated from the other closet only by a thin partition, and I was afraid he would hear my heart beat, but I dared not risk going downstairs. The man kept whistling, and-my story is a tame one, too - by and by he went away. As there was no money in the house, and he uidn't apparently seek the dining-room for silver, he got little or nothing."

The Barnard girl sat bolt upright. "Didn't you hear the stairs creak?" she asked. "I suppose I might as well wind up this seance with a burglar of my own."

"You have seen one, too!" exclaimed the chorus.

"Yes, a whole one - fingers, feet, up and down, and across sections. But didn't the stairs creak?"

"One each is enough for three young women."

"Oh, you're nervous, that's all; there's no one there."

"He got into the house one night and I woke up and he was rummaging my bureau. I was frightened out of my senses, but I shut my eyes and made believe I was sound asleep. I had read somewhere that was the proper thing to do."

"Why don't you tell the rest?"

"There isn't any rest; he was like the others; he got out of the window and went down the piazza trellis."

"And you didn't give the alarm?" "I? Oh, I fainted; but the hall floor creaks, surely."

"Girls-" All three sprang up with a nervous start, and the clock struck the half

hour. "Girls, it is half-past two and you are keeping everybody on this floor awake." It was the woman who does children's stories and who has the small

hall begroom. The Cooper Union girl rose to return to her own chamber. "But, after all," she said, "we've not settled what to do if we should see each her second burglar before morning."-N. Y. Recorder.

No Chance for Mistakes.

He had been out in one of the western territories, which one it is not necessary here to state, and was in a safe place two thousand miles east, when a man asked him about a certain hemp rope social which had occurred while he was there.

"The boys had a dickens of a hard time getting the chap they were after, didn't they?" the man inquited. "Yes, they were half the night around the jail."

"I heard they got the wrong one

after all. Wasn't any truth in that, was there?"

"Not much there wasn't. They wouldn't have made a mistake if they had got any man that lives in the terri-tory."-Detroit Free Press.

ing, he turned the hose on them. One of the fops has sued the manager for \$150, the cost of a ruined suit of clothes.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

-The only confectionery a girl who works in a candy store cares for after awhile is sweethearts.-Boston Bulletin.

-Customer-"Are you sure this bread is fresh, baker?" Fresh Baker-"Well, I should say so-it's to-morrow's."-The Talisman.

-"Waiter, take this soup back to the kitchen." "Might I ask why?" "Of course. While you recommend it warmly you have served it cold."-Fliegende Blatter.

-Bjinks-"I've invented an ink bottle which will make my fortune." Bjones-"What kind is it?" Bjinks-"It sounds an alarm at the approach of mucilage brush."-Chicago Globe.

-Lady (handing a tramp a biscuit)-"The ax and wood-pile are in the shed, sir." Tramp (walking off)—"That's the place for them, lady. I didn't suppose you kept them in the parlor."-Boston Herald.

-Old Gottex-"So you want to marry my daughter, do you?" Young Got-nix-"Yes, sir." Old Gotrox-"Well, I don't know anything about you; can you give me good references?" Young Gotnix-"The best in the world." Gotrox-"Who?" Gotnix-"Your daughter."-Boston Courier.

-Letting the Cat Out .- Featherstone -"Is your sister in?" Little Willie-"Yes; but she's sewing a button on a coat and you may have a long time to wait.", "I don't see why? It shouldn't take long to sew a button on a coat." "It does when there's a man in it."-Clothier and Furnisher.

-"I wanted to ask you something,"he said, with a look of much anxiety in his face. "Yes," she replied, as a sudden smile illuminated her countenance. "I know that what I am going to say may sound a little silly—" "I don't think it will, George." "Well—your father—" "He likes you very much, George." "Does he? Well, when he came home to-day, did he happen to tell you what the score was? I came down in such a hurry that I didn't have time to look at a paper."-Washington Post.

-Saved From an Awful Fate .--"Gentlemen," said the Boston judge, "you have done your duty by convicting the prisoner of murder in the first degree, and it remains for me to first degree, and it temains the degree, and it temains the degree, and it temains the degree, and the degree, and the degree degreee degree d enormity of the crime is so great that plain death will not explate it. I have therefore decided to meet the require-ments of the case by a new and effect-ive punishment." A breathless silence hung over the court. "Prisoner," went on the judge, "I hereby sentence you to be confined for life in a silk hat and make coat." But the dull that folto be confined for life in a silk hat and sack coat." But the dull thud that fol-lowed indicated all too plainly that he spoke to a corpse. And a subdued mur-mur of relief passed over the court room, as the spectators realized that the guilty wretch had passed beyond the terrible power of earthly justice. — Clothier and Furnisher.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY IRON PORT, JULY 28, 1891.

THE IRON PORT. The Iron Port Company. J. C. VAN DUZER, . . . EDITOR. LEW. A. CATES, . . . MANAGER.

The Atlantic Monthly for August has two notable features besides the serial stories by Mrs. Catherwood and Mr: Stockton. Henry James contributer an admirable short story entitled "The Marriages," which will delight his army of admirers; and Mr. John C. Ropes, who is peculiarly strong in writing on military subjects, has an excellent paper on Gen. Sherman, awarding him great but not undiscriminating praise. Edith M. Thomas writes exquisite "Notes from the Wild Garden," sprinkling some beautiful little poems on special flowers among prose descriptions and reflections hardly less poetical. Olive Thorne Miller in "Two Little Drummers" treats in her usual fresh style the yellow-bellied woodpecker (sometimes called the sap-sucker) and the red-headed woodpecker; Miss Harriet Waters Preston and Miss Louise Dodge, who, over their initials, have be fore this printed many delightful papers in the Atlantic, now, under the title of "A Disputed Correspondence," discuss wisely and delightfully the letters which are said to have passed between Seneca and the Apostle Paul; Wendell P. Garrison has a political article of real value on the Reform of the United States Senate; Agnes Repplier contributes a bright paper on "The Oppression of Notes," which will touch a responsive chord in readers who have struggled with footnotes far too copious and obtrusive; and Switzerland. There are excellent reviews of the Life of Browning and the Memoir spawn of the earth by all honest men."" of John Murray, with poems, notes on new books, and the Contributors' Club. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. lottery.

The landing of 95,000 bushels of wheat at Liverpool in unbroken bulk from Chicago is an interesting event in the history of international transportation. It saves elevator charges at Buffalo, canal or railroad freights to the seaboard and the heavy terminal charges there. If the exploit of the Wetmore could be repeated safely and reliably throughout the season of navigation there would certainly be a field for a fleet of such vessels, and the effect upon the Liverpool wheat market would be pronounced. The Wetmore is a credit to Michigan enterprise and to the skill of her builders .- Free Press.

Blunders in British papers and dispatches were to be expected, but the Free Press ought to be ashamed of itself. The cargo of the Wetmore was not carried "in unbroken bulk." but was unloaded above the rapids of the St. Lawrence and reloaded at Montreal; was not taken from Chicago" but from Duluth; and "Michigan enterprise" had nothing to do with ship or trip; she having been built the Wetmore could be safely repeated" the result on the Liverpool wheat market build a ship for every cargo, and she can't get back after the second.

makes no, difference, Jo. is a warm per-sonal friend of the secretary and knows ket. They are wasting their stationery ket. They are wasting their stationery and postage. The men who make the all about it, for that reason, despite the listance between them. We're mighty wheat did not need any advice; such of them as have no pressing claims to satglad to know that we need no longer isly will get the top figure, never fear; worry about Jim; now let's turn our atsuch as have pressing indebtedness will tention to measures and see if we can't make the voters understand that, even if do the best they can, but they won't let Mr. Blaine should die, in spite of Jo. and their notes go to protest nor their mortthe doctors, the republican party is in its gages be foreclosed in order to bull the usual health and full of men fit to be market for the fellows who are better off president, and that it makes very little than themselves.

The Catholic World does not appear to admire the literary productions of Gov. The following is the program of the Peck. The July number, in a leading article on "Juvenile Literature, and theformation of Character." says: "It is only Tuesday: Parade of the G. A. R., the a few seasons since Peck's 'Bad Boy', a Naval Veterans, and the S. O. V. at 10.30 work as subversive of maaliness, of revera.m. Reception to the National Comence, of uprightness, and of refinement as mander, at the rink, at 8. p. m. Recepif it had been framed by some infernal intion to the G. A. R. at Camp Sherman at genuity solely for purposes of perversion sold its 250,000 copies; and made the for-Wednesday: Session of the National tunes of author and publisher when it bodies-G. A. R., W. R. C., and S. O. V .-should have been the disgrace of both." and regimental and brigade reunions dur-Yet Gov. Peck-was chosen governor by iug the day. In the evening the firethe advice an efforts of Catholic bishops as the representative of those who favor Thursday: Continued sessions of the the teaching of religion and morals to grand bodies and reunious during the children, and who oppose the public day; a banquet to the delegates and offischools as "godless" because they exclude cers, and camp fires for the rank and file sectarian instruction .- Mil. Sentinel.

The sunken steamer Pontiac has been examined by divers and conflicting re-That "bad old man" Jubal Early is ports have been made regarding her conust as "bad" as he was when Jeff. Davis dition. The owners are considering the gave him that soubriquet. He was orator advisability of giving up the boat and all of the day on the 21st at Lexington, Virthat pertains to the accident, collision or ginia, the occasion being the unveiling of a statue of Stonewall Jackson, and he collision liability, to the underwriters. She is insured to the top notch, partly in "Let me conclude by saying, and let the English Lloyds and partly in regular every honest-hearted confederate who companies. Pictures of the Athabasca fought bravely in the warsay, 'If I should at the Sault with the Pontiac's turtle W. D. McCrackan describes effectively ever apologize for any part of action back describes effectively taken by me in the war may the light here, and they represent a very strange ever apologize for any part or action back deck over herbows have been shown ning of a righteous heaven blast me from sight .- Marine Review. the earth and may I be considered as

The party stopped a few hours at Escanaba, where they examined the huge ore docks and viewed the largest iron ore port in the world.

So, mistakenly, says the Menominee Herald, speaking of Mr. Stephenson's party of congressmen. The party was here from eleven until two o'clock only, and had no time to "examine" anything except John Christie's viands. Only on would "make friends" by accepting its Tuesday afternoon were we informed that the party would tarry even the three hours that were alloted us.

The fellows who farm the farmers heat and gas. Polk, Peffer, et als-call John Sherman NEW OBSERVATORY. 'the arch enemy of mankind," that is, the devil. We hardly wonder; he cerback number. With the work I have bethe science of Astronomy. tainly does raise the devil with them and in the sense you mean. Why do not you their loose and foolish plans and projects whenever he gives them any attention. There's more good sense in the dander he Oh, Gov. Winans: If you want a numbrushes off the outside of his cranium ber one commandant for the Soldiers' than exists in the empty cavities inside than exists in the empty cavities inside theirs, the "whole kit and bilin" of them. Charles O. Gllins,

DAN DUNN DONE FOR. cheoleraft County Well Rid of Three Bad Meny Harcourt whom Dann Killed, Dunn Himself, and the Harcourt who Killed Him.

THOUT LAKE, July., 26 .- Dan Dunn, who shot Steve Harcourt at Seney, about a month ago, was shot dead here to-day by James Harcourt, a brother of Dunn's victim. Dunn had his examination and was discharged at Manistique yesterday. He immediately swore out a warrant against the three Harcourt brothers for threatening to kill him, and Sheriff Heifron, of Schoolcraft county, arrested them in Seney to-day. He was on his way with them for trial at Manistique and stopped off here to catch the train for that place. The brothers went with the sheriff into the saloon of John Nevins here, where they found Dunn. Dunn was in conversation with Frank Peters, and his back was towards James Harcourt, who immediately palled a revolver and fired five shots into him, all taking effect and causing death in two minutes after the shooting. Sheriff Heffron arrested the murderer and is on his way to the Soo with his prisoner.

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Everyth







COAL

The production of pig iron during the first half of the current year was less than for the corresponding period in 1890 by 1,188,599 gross tons-a reduction of 26 per cent. Of this falling off the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio Illinois and Alabama being the greatest producers, show the bulk. Michigan, producing only Charcoal iron, increased its product slightly, but felt the shrinkage in the smaller demand for ores. The reaction from the excessive production of '90 is greater, relatively as well as in quantity, than that which followed the panic of '73. The figures are taken from the bulletin of the American Iron and Steel Association and are exact. In Bessemen ingots and rails the falling off was even greater-ingots 21 per cent, and rails 44 per cent-but the worst is past, the trade is now improving.

How electricity kills is told by Dr. A. D. Rockwell, thus:

"By paralyzing the nerve centers such as the brain and spinal oord and by dis integrating the blood. The flow of blood cannot be disturbed without causing instant death. In ordinary deaths the blood is found to be eoagulated and the heart is empty. In deaths by electricity the blood refuses to coagulate, and the head is always full. The paralysis of the nerve centers however, is the primary cause of death. It doesn't seem to tear China. All the "missionary. effort" in the tissue or cause grave lesions, but a China is not only thrown away but is an few of the capillary blood vessels, the very small ones, are genenally ruptured. Electricity is such a tremendous force when used for killing that it is difficult to analyze its effect."

The "whaleback" gets there just the same, on salt water as on fresh. The Wetmore delivered her cargo of 95,000 bushels of Dakota wheat in Liverpool on the 21st, Tuesday. The London dispatch announcing the fact says, "The success of the voyage is evidence that the propo-sition to establish direct communication between Europe and American lake ports is entirely leasible," overlooking the fact that we must build a boat for every cargo and "chance it" through the St. Law-rence * rapids. The "whaleback" went through all right, but she can't get back for another cargo. Jo. Manley writes Capt. Gavett that

Mr. Blaine is all right and we must suppose "that settles it." Jo, is at Augusta and Blaine is at Bar Harbor, but that

Home and can bring yourself to believe that such a man can exist outside the pale of the democratic party, just offer the position to one Wm. P. Innes, of Grand Rapids, sometime colonel of the in Wisconsin, by eastern capitalists, and 1st Michigan Engineers and Mechanics. loaded in Minnesota. "If the exploit of Iron Port does not know that he would accept it, but does know that he would run it like a camp of the old regiment if would be nil, for it would hardly pay to he did. He is not a republican, governor; our suggestion has no partisan basis.

difference who the man shall be.

proceedings at Detroit next week:

Monday: Reception of guests.

9 p. m.

works.

in the evening.

Friday: Excursions, at will.

wound up his speech thus:

Bad, very bad, is old Jubal, but harm-

Mr. Blaine's health is no longer a sub-

ject for anxiety or for newspaper para-

graphs. Jo. Manley has settled all ques-

tion about that, but what can be done

with his declaration to the Boston Home

Market club? It had suggested that he

invitation to make a speech at its an-

"I have no desire to make friends in the

sense you mean. When they could have

helped me they passed resolutions antag-

onizing me. I have now retired, I am a

fore me I have no desire to make friends

invite President Harrison or Mr. Reed?

nual banquet, to which he replied:

less except to those who gamble in his

No republican has said a harsher word of the late aggregation of law-butchers at Lansing than the following from Charlie Hampton's Petoskey Democrat: "The recent legislature has proved a bitter disappointment to democrats. *

If the Michigan democracy wishes to overcome the effect of the blunders of the legislature of 1891, it must openly and unmistakably repudiate such fools as Senator Smith and such scoundrels as Senator Holcomb, who have disgraced the party and imperiled its chances in 1892."

Brearley saw an opportunity of putting himself at the front (it did not matter of what) and seized it. He led the cohorts of the men afraid of Mumm, and demanded that there al ould be nothing but river water in the canteens when the old boys gathered at Detroit. The onset was noisy, but it was ineffectual. The hospitality of Detroit was not arranged on the lines laid down by the prohibitionists. But the Brearley point was scored-his newspaper was advertised.

We don't want the Chinaman, so we legislate against him and mob him. The Chinaman at home don't want the missionary so the missionary gets mobbed. It is a stand-off, only that the Chinese government is not so easily influenced by the mob as ours, and does not forbid the missionary, or deport him when found in impertinence, and confirms the Chinaman in his paganism.

How the squawbucks loved the farmer. The weather bureau at Lansing, handled Daniels and Broullette. by Serg't Conger, was for the especial benefit of the agriculturists of the state, but the legislature had no money for it and it lapsed. Sergeant Conger moved the traps to the regular signal station at Without him, and give him, as 't were, a straight Detroit and goes upon duty there "for the benefit of commerce." The state service was his idea and he hated to give it up, but it could not be maintained without money.

The pet regiments of the British army are the ones that mutiny. A little while ago it was the Grenadier Guards, now it is the Coldstreams, the oldest organization except one in the army. But the nutiny was bloodless and its punishment will be merely a turn at duty abroad.

The Minneapolitans put up that jobthe interference of the governor-to save their cash. They said not a word in opposition to a fight between Jo. Ellingsworth and "the Black Pearl"-their money was on the right man-the "Pearl" was an easy winner. But the Kangaroo stood to lose to Hall and Minneapolis money was on the Kangaroo; that was what made the Hall-Fitzsimmons mill such an awful thing.

Ah, there! Governor. If you won't have, or can't get Gen. Innes, why not offer the command of the Soldier's Home to Gen. John G. Parkhurst? His party record must be good enough for you, and you can flud out about what sort of a commandant he is of any of the old boys of the 9th, who were with him at Stone River.

The Tennessee miners' suggestion to the governor was timely. The extra session is called, the miners agressing to preserve the status quo meanwhile, so as not to put the governor "in a hole." The law will be repealed no doubt. It ought never to have been enacted.

The strangest situation in that strangest of all things the field of Irish politics, is to be seen at the next session of parliament-Parnell and Tim. Healey united in support of a bill introduced by Balfour providing local "home rule" for Ireland.

Anderson, the present owner and editor of the Crystal Falls Clipper says, he once saw Phil. J. McKenna hoeing potafoesin a Commonwealth potato patch. Guess not, Henry. Not Phil. S'mother Mc-Kenna, maybe.

The Free Press gave more than a column to the unveiling of the statue to Stonewall Jackson and and Gen, Early's speech, but carefully eliminated "the nub" of the speech.

The doctors said that McCormick, the pugilist, died of acute pneumonia, but the coroner's jury said that he was killed by

WHEN JONAH WAS IN IT.

When Jonah created a stir on the ship, And his comrades concluded they'd finish the

Having just added largely to our stock of

tip-Which they did in a very brief minute-And down in the paunch of the whale he was

dropped So sudden he cracked all the ribs when he

stopped, This speech from his labial portals outcropped: "I'm in it! Exceedingly in it!"

But when, with his tenement sorely displeased, He tore and he whooped and he yawped and he

ancered Till be made the cetacean feel so diseased He could no longer bear it and grin it, The flah made a sport for the shore thereads And he served on his tenant a writ to get out, And landing him there did triumphantly sho "Eb, Jouahi old boy! you're not in it!" Posten Courie

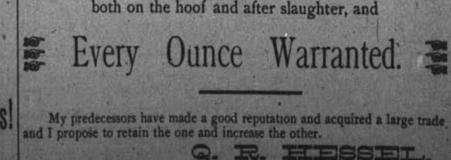
J. F. OLIVER. GENERAL ALL KINDS OF Anthracite, Bituminous & Blossburg **Collection - Agency** COAL AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Accounts of Merchants and **Others Solicited.** By the TON, CARLOAD or CARGO. **Prompt Attention** Office on Merchant's Dock. Given to all Business. OFFICE Corner Ludington and Dous-ESCANABA, LIVERY. MEAT MARKET. NEW LIVERY FIRM R. HESSEI Successor to Hessel & Hentschel, Bergeon & Kraus, -DEALER IN-(Successors to Jo Bergeon.) **Meats of All Kinds!** PROPRIETORS OF THE WEST END LIVERY.

Made from animals carefully selected, slaughtered at home, and

MICH

RIGIDLY INSPECTED.

both on the hoof and after slaughter, and



THE SEMI-WEEKLY IRON PORT, JULY 28, 1891.

THAT GREAT WHEAT COMBINE.

It is in no Wise a "trust", nor is the Alliance Circular a bad Docum

The circular to farmers, has found its way into print and is getting a circulation ten times as great and effective as that given it by the Alliance, though it it is said to have mailed a million copies.

The Alliance merely calls the attention of wheat growers to the fact that the world is short of wheat and assures him that the price must go up. It points out to him that if his crop is rushed to market and sold in a mass, the speculator will reap the benefit of the advance while if the crop is held in first hands and sold as it is needed for consumption the grower himself will reap that benefit. We see nothing wrong in the advice and hope it may be followed as far as possible, by the grower. The circular is hard on the people who buy and sell wheat, the speculators, crediting them with all manner of dishonesty and no end of rapacity, but that is nothing to the point: the wheat grower who can hold his crop will get a better figure for it than the one who sells as soon as it is threshed, is the real burden of the song, and we fully believe it is the truth.

News Nuggets.

The Steen, Zanzic & Mott Company appear at the People's on Friday and Saturday evenings next and the management invites attendance with this offer: "If any one is dissatisfied with the entertainment his money will be refunded." "Magic" of Zanzie and the "thought tranmission" of the Steens are master-pieces and those who saw them when here a week ago were both astonished and delighted. Don't miss it again.

The picnic of the North Star Society, Monday Aug 3rd, promises to be the most interesting entertainment of the character this season. Do not fail to attend. Of Adamant the Scientific American says

"It is destined to revolutionize the business of house plastering." For Sale by A. H. Butts.

Removal. Asher will remove to another locality Sept. 1st and will sell goods at cost until that date.

Go to Eden Park next Monday. North Star picnic.

Call at Cleary's and see the new pianos. 5t

Adamant, "you put in the water, we do the rest." For particulars see A. H. Butts.

For the best pianos in the world go to P. F. Cleary's. 5t

Remember the North Star picnic next Monday. Asher, the clothier will leave town Sept.

1st, for other fields, and until that date will sell below cost.

Mr. Ed Gardner, the favorite comedian says the coming Zanzic is equal to Herrmam

Don't miss Steen Zanzie next Friday and Saturday evening. Nothing ever seen like them in this city.

The ladies of the Swedish Lutheran

"IT IS ALWAYS SO."

Across the meadow, with clover sweet, I wandered one evening with weary foet, For my heart was heavy, with untoid woe, For everything seemed to go wrong, you know. "Twus one of those days, whose cares and strife Quite overshadow the good in life.

So, lone and sad, 'neath the twilight stars, I wandered down to the pasture bars, ' To the pasture bars, 'heath the biliside steep, Where patiently waited a flock of sheep For the happy boy, with whistle and shout, Who was even now coming to turn them out.

"Good evening I" said he, with boyish grace, And a smile lit up his handsome face. He let down the bars; then we both stepped

And I said: "You have more white sheep than black."

"Why, yes," he replied, "and didn't you know More white than black; why, 'sis always so."

He soon passed on with his flock round the hill, But down by the pasture I lingered still, Pondering well on the words of the last "More white than black." more good than bad, sfore joy than sorrow, m we bliss than woe; "More white than black," and "'tis always so."

And since that hour, when troubles rife Gather, and threaten to shroud my life-Or I see some soil on the downward track-I cry, there are more white sheep than black. And I thank my God, that I learned to know The blessed fact, if is always so. -Mrs. Mary Felten, in Good Ho useke eping.

A PLUM TREE ROMANCE.

The Love and Labor of a Pair of Goldfinches.

It was just after a great disappointment that I came upon the plum tree romance. A pair of goldfinches, whose pretty pastoral I hoped to watch, had been robbed and driven away from their home in a maple tree. Grieving for their sorrow as well as for my loss, I turned my steps toward the farmhouse, intending to devote part of the day to the baby crows, who were en-livening the pasture with their droll cries and droller actions. But the crow family had the pasture to themselves that morning, for in passing through the orchard, looking, as always, for indications of feathered life, I suddenly saw a new nest in the top of a plum tree, and my spirits rose instantly when I noticed that the busy little architect, at that moment working upon it, was a goldfinch.

What an unfortunate place she had chosen! was my first thought. A young tree, a mere sapling, not more than eight feet high, close beside the regular farm road, where men, and worse, two nest-robbing boys, passed forty times a day. Would the trim little matron, now so happy in her plans, have any chance of bringing up a brood there in plain sight, where, if the roving eyes of those youngsters happened to fall upon her nest, peace would take its departure even if calamity did not overtake her?

Looking all about, to make sure that no one was in sight, I seated myself to make the acquaintance of my new neighbor. My whole study of the life in and around the plum tree, carried on for the next two weeks, was of a spasmodic order, for I had always to take care that no spies were about before I dared even look toward the orchard. One glimpse of me in the neighborhood would have disclosed their secret to the sharp boys who knew my ways. The little dame was bewitching in her manner, and her handsome young spouse the most devoted consort I ever saw in feathers, or out of them, I may say. Although she alone built the nest, is was her constant attendant, and they always made their appearance together. He dropped into a taller tree-an apple near by-while she, with her beak full of materials, alighted on the lowest branch of the plum, and hopped gayly from twig to twig, as though they were steps, up to the sky parloy where she had established her homestead. Then she went busily to work to adjust the new matter, while he waited patiently during the ten or fifteen minutes she thus occupied. Sometimes he seemed to wonder what she could be about all this time, for he came and alighted beside her, staying only an instant, and then flying with the evident expectation that she would follow. Usually, however, he remained quietly on guard till she left the nest with her joyful call, when he joined her, and away they went together, crying, "te-o-tum, te tel" till out of sight and hearing. There was a joyousness of manner in this pair that gave a festive air to even so prosaic a performance as going for food. The source of supplies, as I soon discovered, was a bit of neglected ground between a buckwheat patch and a barn, where grass and weeds of several sorts flourished. Here each bird pulled down by its weight a stalk of meadow or other grass, and spent some time feasting upon its seeds. But madam was a timid little soul; she reminded me constantly of some bigger folk I have known. She wanted her gay on taller always within call, and he responded to her demands nobly, becoming more domestic than one would intrine possible for such a restlers, light-hearted sprite. After the young ton e-mistress settled her self to per sitting she often lifted her head above the edge of her nest, and uttered a strangely thrilling and appealing cry, which I think is only heard in the nesting-time. He always replied instantly, in tenderest tones, and came at once, sometimes from the other side of the orchard, singing as he flew, and perched in the apple tree. If she wanted an escort to lunch, she joined him there, and after exchanging joined him there, and after exchanging a few low remarks, they departed to-gether. Occasionally, however, she seemed to be merely nervous, perhaps about some other bird who she fancied might be troublesome, though, in gen-eral, neither of the pair paid the slight-est attention to birds who came about, even upon their own little tree. Often when the goldfinch came in an-awer to this call of his love, he flew around, at some height above the new in a circle of thirty or forty feet diame-ter, apparently to search out any enemy who might be annoying her. If he saw a bird, he drove him off, though in a perfunctory manner, as if it were done merely in deference to his lady's wishes, and not from any suspleion or jealousy On these occasions, too, he came quite near me, stood fearless and

salm, and studied me most sharply, doubtless to see if my intentions were innocent. Of course I looked as aminble and harmless as possible, and in a moment be decided that I was not dan-

moment be decided that I was not dan-gerous, made some quiet remark to his fussy little partner, and flew away Sometimes this conduct did not reas-sure the uneasy bird, and she called again. Then he bronght some tidbit in his beak, went to the edge of the nest, and fed her. Then she was pacified; but do not mistake her, it was not hunger that prompted her actionss when she was hungry she openly left her nest and went for food. It was, as I am convinced, the longing desire to know that he was near her, that he was still anxions to serve her, that he had not forgotten her in her long ab-sence from his side. This may sound a little fanciful to one who has not studied birds closely, but she was so "hu-man" in all her actions that I feel justified in judging of her motives exactly as I should judge had she measured five feet instead of five inches, and worn silk instead of feathers.

The goldfinch need not have worried about her mate, for he spent most of his time within a few feet of her, and more absolutely loyal one could not be. His most common perch was a neighboring tree, though in a heavy, beating rain he frequently crouched on the lowest branch of the plum itself. Now and then he rested on a pile of boards beside the farm road already spoken of, and again he took his post on a very tall ash, with only a few limbs at the top, where his body looked like a dot against the blue, and he could oversee the whole country around Wherever he might be, he sat all puffed out, silent and motionless, evidently just waiting. Sometimes he took occasion to plume himself very carefully, oftener he did nothing, but held himself in readiness to answer any call from the plum tree, and to accompany the sitter out to dinner.

This bird was an enchanting singer. During courtship, and while his mate was sitting, he often poured out a song that was nothing less than an ecstasy. It was delivered on the wing, and not in his usual wave-like manner of flight, but sailing slowly around and around, very much as a bobolink does, singing rapturously, without pause or break. The quality of the music, too, was strikingly like bobolink notes, and the whole performance was exquisite. The little sitter soon became accus

tomed to my presence. When out of her nest, she sometimes came to the tree over my head, and answered when I spoke to her. / In this way we carried on quite a long conversation, I imitating, so far as 1 was able, her own charming "sweet," and she replying in various atterances, which, alasi were Greek to me.

I longed to watch the lovely and loving pair through their nesting, to see their rapture over their nestlings, their tender care and training, and the first flight of the goldfinch babies. But the inexorable taskmaster of us all, who proverbially "waits for no man," hurried off these last precious days of July with painful eagerness, and thrust be fore me the first of August, with the hot and dusty journey set down for that day, long before I was ready for it. So I did not see the end of their love and labor myself, but the bird's wisdom in the selection of a site for her nursery was proved to be greater than mine, who had ventured to criticise her, by the fact that the nest, as I have been assured, escaped the young eyes of the neighborhood, and turned out its full complement of birdlings to add to next summer's beauty and song .-Olive Thorne Miller, in Harper's Bazar.

FOR SALE.

Bailroad Lands in Southern Illinois, The Illinois Central Railroad Company is The Illinois Central Railroad Company is offering lands at so low a price that it seems absurd to tell what they are capable of pro-ducing, yet it is a fact that the crops from apple orchards are yielding from \$300 to \$500 per acre. There are many farmers, fruit growers, who are realizing each year from \$150 to \$500 per acre for their fruit and early vegetables, and some who are realuring \$1000 per acre. These of course are successful men of business, who study how to do it Do you want the same chance to make money? You can have it by going into this country and can have it by going into this country and buying some of the same lands from the Il-linois Central Railroad Company, and by ap-plying the ability you have in a business manner to their improvement and cultivation, you can have in a short time as valuable land as that of a successful fruit grower, on the line of this railroad, who said the other day, "I have brought my land to such a high state of cultivation that no one can buy it from me for \$500 per acre, as I can net \$100 per acre off Most of the lands offered for sale by the

Illinois Central Railroad Company can be made to produce the same results. They lie along the line of this railroad at a distance of from 3 to 15 miles, and the country is traversed by many other railroads, thus affording every facility for transportation of early fruits and vegetables to any market that may be selected, fruit express trains being run daily to Chicago, St. Louis, and other points.

Sheep raising is as profitable on the hill lands as in any place in Ohio. Address or call upon E. P. SKENE.

Land Commissioner I. C. R. R. Co. 78 Michigan Av., Chicago.

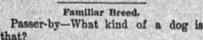
VALUABLE MANUSCRIPTS.

THE British Museum has secured the manuscript of several of George Eliot's novels.

In a sale of Wilkie Collins' manuscripts "The New Magdalen" brought £21; "The Woman in White," £14, and "Moonstone," £1.10.

THE late Prince Napoleon left more than five trunks full of important papers. Mr. Frederick Masson is to ed them, and will endeavor to make his work rather a history than a volume of memoirs.

THE original agreement for "Barnaby Rudge" between Charles Dickens and Bentley, the publisher, has just been sold in London. From this it appears that Charles Dickens received \$30,000 for the copyright.



Small Boy-I ain't quite sure, but ! think he's what's called a watch dog of the treasury.

"Humph! Good dog, eh?" "Yesser. He won't let any other dog take anything he wants hisself."-Good News.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



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Office: One Door North of the Postoffice, Escanaba, Michigan.

Great Bargains in City Realty.

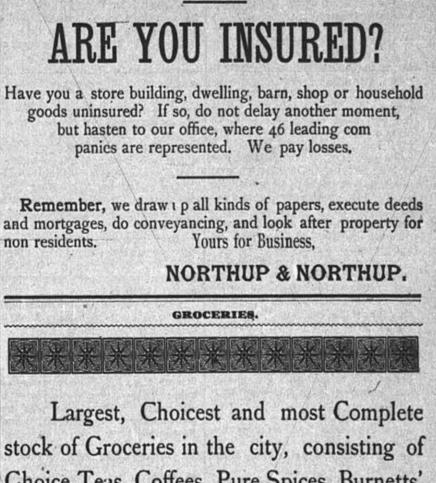
We are offering real estate 20 per cent. cheaper than in the past, and have desirable property in all parts of town on easy terms. We also offer some desir-able residence property on the



If taken soon. Buy a home and stop paying rent; Escanaba dirt is continually enhancing in value. See us now.



Still have a few unsold lots. We are the exclusive agents for this property. These are the most available cheap lots.



church will soon have an exhibition. Closing out sale of clothing at Asher's. All goods below cost.

"Faking" Lansing Reporters.

LANSING, Mich., July 24 .- Difficulty is at hand over the law creating Dickinson county, which will not become operative until Sept 30. It provides for the appointment of county officers in August, but the doubt is relative to the governor's power to appoint by treating the offices as vacant, and if so; who is to give the executive official notice that such vacancies exist?

The picking must be poor for Lansing reporters when one must "fake" like that. How could the offices be anything but vacant in a county created by the act and what "official notice" of the fact is needed other than the act, or what other authority than the act is necessary that the governor should proceed under/the act to discharge a function imposed upon him by the act? The reporter is as great an ass as the average legislatory

Since the foregoing was written several of our friends who should be better qualified than any mere newspaper man to judge of the value of the act of the legisinture referred to, being lawyers (and in one or two cases law makers), have been consulted and they do not see the matter as we did. They say, with one voice, that the act is so faulty that it is of no effect; that they see nothing for Dickinson county but to remain in abeyance until another session of the legislature mends the slipshod work of the last.

Police Court Cases.

Alexander Johnson would not pay his poll tax; that is, he thought he would'nt and said so; but when Marshal Lyons had him before the court, and the court said he must, with costs added, or work it out in jack-knife castle, he changed his mind and shelled out. James Gallagher and Charles McGillivray had their Sunday off and are now doing "ten days" because they did not save enough l'argent to satisfy the city for their breach of its ordinances.

G. A. R. Encampment at Detroit. Half Rates via C. & N. W. R'y. For the National encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Detroit, Mich., August 3d to 8th, the Chicago & North-Western Railway Co. will sell excursion tickets to Detroit and return at one half regular rates-one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale July the 81st to August 2d, inclusive. Apply to agents C. & N. W. R'y for tickets and further information.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to return thanks to every friend and neighbor and especially to Mr. and Mrs. George Harris and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Van Valkenburg, for tender sym-pathy and active kindness during our late sad affliction Mr. & Mrs. B. Leighton MR. AND MRS. B. LEIGHTON

FRED H. TUPPER, of Chippewa Falls

Escanabh July 25, 1891.

SNOW INDOORS.

How Artificial Ice Crystals Are Sometimes Produces

The same causes which produce a fall of snow in the open air-namely, a subjection of a moist atmosphere to a temperature cold enough to crystallize the drops of moisture which are formed -may, of course, take place under artificial conditions.

La Nature, a French journal of seience, relates that a gentleman who was walking rapidly along the street on a cold, fair day, and had, by violent exercise, brought himself into a condition of profuse perspiration, took off his tall hat in saluting a friend.

As he did so, he was astonished to feel what was apparently a slight fall of snow upon his head. Upon passing his hand over his head, he found several unmistakable flakes of snow there. It is supposed that the freezing outer air condensed the moist warm air within the gentleman's tall hat so suddenly that a veritable snowstorm, of miniature proportions, was produced upon his head.

A similar incident is related by the same journal. During the past winter, on a very cold, clear night, an evening party was given in a salon in Stockholm, Sweden. Many people were gathered together in a single room, and it became so warm in the course of the evening that several ladies complained of feeling ill

An attempt was then made to raise a window, but the sashes had been frozen in their place, and it was impossible to move them

In this situation, as it was absolutely necessary that air should be admitted. a pane of glass was smashed out. A cold current at once rushed in; and at the same instant flakes of snow were seen to fall to the floor in all parts of the room.

The entrance of a frosty current into an atmosphere which was saturated with moisture had produced a snowfall indoors.

Modern Cookery.

Ignorance of American institutions, on the part of English people, is not unnatural, perhaps, but it is none the ess amusin

A rosy English girl who sat beside a bright young American in the dining-saloon of a Cunard steamer saddenly put American politaness to the test by propounding the inquiry: "Can you make claims"

"Clams?" answered the bewildered merican maiden

"Yest they re a kind of bread or bis ouit, aren't they" Albany Press.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Oastoria.

One Cent a Word

Notices inserted under this head will be pub-lished at own can't per word. No notice less than 15 cents. Parties wanting to sell; parties wanting to buy; families wanting domestic help; domest-ics wanting situations; merchants wanting clerks; clerks wanting situations; men wanting employ-ment; employers wanting men, etc., etc., should patronize this column. Iron Port reaches a large number of people twice each week.

DANCE-At Dupont's Hall, by a Ladies' club, on Saturday evening, August 1. Fruit bas-kets with a lady's name. Very cheap and lots of fun.

TEAM FOR SALE .-- A pair of draft horses. In-quire of Wm, Young, Rapid River, or of B. B. Brown, Escanaba. 2t

NOTICE-is hereby given that all bills overdue to the undersigned firm must be settled or satisfactorily arranged by the first day of July next or they will be placed in the hands of a law-yer for collection; and no fooling, either. BITTKER, WICKERT & Co 18-847 Escanaba, June 13, 1891.

A BUSINESS CHANCE-A good mill-with fine receiving and shipping facilities and situated where it can be worn out before the avail-able timber can be used up, is for sale low, the proprietors being about to change location. For further particulars call on or address this office. tf.

INSURANCE.

JOHN A. JOHNSON

-AND-

Fire Insurance

AGENT.

LUDINGTON ST. : SECOND STORY.

ESTATE

Choice Teas, Coffees, Pure Spices, Burnetts' Flavoring Extracts--full line, Cocoas, Chocolates, and a complete line of Bottled and Canned Goods. Fruits, Vegetables and Provisions. Finest line of Domestic and Key West cigars. Tobaccos, wholesale and Retail. Mail orders given prompt attention.

A. H. ROLPH,

509 LUDINGTON STREET.

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One of the most complete lines to be found in Escanaba, including everything necessary for family use. In the line of

> Grockery -AND-Glassware. We take no Back Seat.

> > Furnishing Goods.

Of every description for young men middle aged men and old men. In this line we can satisfy you.

For Anything in the Above Line Call on OSCAR V. LINDEN. 1001 LUDINTON STREET, LUDINGTON STREET.

SEMI-WEEKLY IRON PORT JULY 28, 1891.

OUT OF THE SWIM.

His clothes hang on him is many a shred-He is out of the swim : He walks file's highway with sullen tread-He is out of the swim. He sats the dole that charity gives, In the wilds of asture alone he lives. He sleeps 'neath heaves's starry brim-He is out of the swim.

Once he had honor and friends, but now He is out of the swim. Men coveted then his lordly bow--He is out of the swim. There are none so poor as to take his hand And call him brother in all the land. But they hasten to jurn aside from him-He is out of the swim.

He has nothing to hold him now to life-He is out of the swim: Neither triends nor fortuns, child nor wife-He is out of the swim.

There's noboly but himself to blame. His heart is search with remorse and shares; Through his own mistake-not fortune's whim-

He is out of the swim. The moonlight rests on a peaceful face-He is out of the swim. Dear God, forgive in Thy infinite grace)-He is out of the swim-Out of life's maddening roar and fret. Out of temptations that so beset: God, who made us, will care for him-

He is out of the swim. -Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

THE LIMITED EXPRESS.

Reflections of Weedon Bradshaw While on a Night Train.

It was the last of January and a Saturday night. A keen north wind was blowing down Broadway, filling the air with occasional flurries of snow, and night had long since come, though it was only six o'clock.

J. Weedon Bradshaw, attorney and counselor at law, stood on the steps of the building in which he had his office and buttoned his overcoat as he looked up and down the now deserted street.

For some thirty years he had done the same thing at the same hour every day, when he was not out of town on business-he never went away for pleasure. He was going out of town now, as soon as he had swallowed his dinner. Large and important business interests of a client called him to the northern part of the state, and it never occurred to him to delay twenty-four hours for what he considered a mere question of sentiment. Sundays were pretty much the same to him personally as any other day, except that they interrupted business.

True he had been wonderfully successful in life. but he would have told you it was entirely owing to his own efforts, and not through any intervention of Providence.

Shortly after nine o'clock that evening he walked into a passenger car of the northward bound express in as great a state of irritation as he ever permitted himself to indulge in. He had neglected to engage a berth in the sleeper, and now found that he must make the best of a night in a chair. He settled himself with the expertness and deliberation born of age and experience. Then he took from his pocket documents bearing on the coming case and proceeded to read them.

Presently he found his mind wander-

He held her hand and a mighty strug-gle went on within him. He knew what the tears meant and he longed to take her in his arms; but pride and cau-

tion whispered: "Wait! You have the world before

And so he spoke no word, but left her. He had never really meant to give her up. He intended in the near future to go back for her; but, first, he was too poor to take the time, and after-ward the business world claimed him as its slave-its slave when most he felt himself its master.

So the days passed by and he never went back.

Then he heard that another had won her, and for a moment J, Weedon Bradshaw admitted to himself that he had possibly made a mistake in life after

In course of time he married his partner's daughter. He paid her bills, treated her with respectful considera-tion, and when she died regretted the unfortunate circumstance. But her face had no place on the window. The youth of the past was crying to the man of to-day for reparation and would not be silenced.

"Why did you treat me so?" he cried. "Why did you stiffamy love, teaching me this terrible, absolute indifference to everything good or bad? Why did you train me to think that money and what money could buy was the best in life and nothing else mattered? What have you given me in return for youth, love and liberty?"

And Weedon Bradshaw bowed his head in silence. Dead sea fruit.

Clearly he saw now, as in the light of noonday, the life he had missed. The life of love and higher aspiration, the abnegation of self that leads to the "larger heart the kindlier hand."

All this he saw, and groaned in spirit.

On through the night rushed the express; but side by side with it kept the phantom train filled with the ghosts of

Weedon Bradshaw's past. The young bride had gone to sleep with her head on her husband's shoulder and the other passengers were in various stages of unconsciousness.

Suddenly a violent, shuddering jerk throughout the train-a mighty crash and heaving, and then silence more terrible.

Silence for a moment's space only, however; then cries, questions, exclamations-a wild confusion of tongues.

The engine had jumped the track on a down grade and half dragged the baggage car with it; but the passenger coaches were only badly shaken. It would have been a terrible disaster but for the quickness and nerve of the engineer-he stopped the train in its own length, but his life was the price.

The crowd grew silent as they stood about the wreck and that motionless object now stretched upon the roadside. They peered into each other's pale faces, scarcely visible by the flickering light of a few lanterns carried in nervous hands.

Thank God! they were all safe-but one man had given up his life for them. "He did his duty nobly." they said, THE VALUE OF HAND WORK.

Close Alliance of Mental and Manual Workers.

One token of advancing intelligence in civilized nations, and especially in our own, is the increasing respect paid to hand-work. The foolish contempt in which it was once held has, to a great extent, passed away, and the skilled workman now receives a degree of honor and consideration that would formerly have been absurd. Even now, however, the division is strongly marked between the hand worker and the brain worker and, while both are respected the latter is usually supposed respected the latter is usually supposed to occupy a higher level than the former. His efforts, it is assumed, are directed to the higher life of man, while those of the former are centered chiefly in supplying his material wants. Thus they are not expected to make many invasions on each other's territory, and the excessive division of labor Intensifies the distinction. The separation, however, is perilous to the interests of both. Mr. Ruskin says: "We want one man to always be thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative, whereas the workman ought often to be thinking and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. * * It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity." One half of this truth is becoming very generally realized, hence the spread of praiseworthy efforts to educate the whole people. That hand-workers should have their knowledge increased, their thoughts aroused, their minds developed, is now admitted by all intelligent persons, and the facilities for this are constantly multiplying. But it is not yet so manifest that those whose ordinary occupations tax their brains rather than their muscles require the opposite kind of development. Yet they do need it, even for the best success in their special employment. Dr. Brown Sequard, an authority on the brain, is said to have affirmed that "the left side of the brain, which co-operates with the right hand is more fully developed than the right side of the brain, which corresponds with the left hand." Evidently this is due to the greater exercise which is given to the right hand, and if it shows anything it is that the use of the hand produces a direct effect upon the development of the

brain. This is not strange when we remember that manual dexterity in any province requires the exercise of many faculties. The observant eye, the enforced attention, the act of comparing and weighing and deciding, the habit of perseverance, the unwearying repetition in order to attain excellence, are all efforts of the brain, and yet no good hand-work can be accomplished without them. The fact is that manual work, and what we call mental work, are far more closely allied in their operations; and more inter-dependent, than we are accustomed to consider them; and we none of us know how much thought itself, and all mental



ing, a thing it had not done for years. and, putting up the papers, he turned to look out of the window. In spite of shading the glass with his hands nothing was to be seen, but an occasional light flashed into view and out again in an instant.

He drew back and sat idly looking before him till suddenly he became conscious that there was something, after all, to be seen in the windowhis own reflection. He looked at himself with growing interest; it was the first time in many years he had had such protracted opportunity for study of the subject.

He felt as if the face opposite him belonged to some familiar stranger, met every day but never known. A man well advanced in life, nearing six-ty, perhaps, looked back at him. Hair gray, getting a little thin now; aquiline nose; clear, shrewd-looking eyes, of no particular color, with innumerable fine wrinkles about the corners, as if from constant contraction to enable them the better to see through other men. The lips had narrowed almost to a line from long compression, and made the entire face look hard.

He had fought the world single-handed-the hard, selfish, crushing business world of a great city, and it had marked him as its own. He had wrung from it wealth, position, recognition of his ability by other men: but he had given in return youth, love, pleasure. all aspirations after better things. All those longings and hopes which prove the existence in us of some sparks of a higher nature. His very life he had given to become/that most perfect mechanical production of the nineteenth century-entirely a business man. The train slowed up at a station and

a young couple got in. She was so bright and pretty and confiding, he so unceasingly attentive and protecting, the other passengers watched them with interest The men smiled and the women sighed. They sat in front of Weedon Bradshaw, and something in the girl's face quickened his memory and sent his thoughts rushing back into the past.

He turned again to his window, but the past was with him and the face that looked back was no longer old and hard.

It was a boy's face, handsome, brave and honest, with faith in those clear eyes, and a promise of noble deeds. Other faces were there, too. A laughing, winsome pair of eyes peered at him for a moment, and then a gentle, sweet, old face smiled sadiy at "her boy." He remembered her dreams for him; he realized for the first time how far he had failen from her ideals.

Now he fully understood what she had once said to him: "Experience is sorrow. Only is life happy as we live.

It for others." The face was a man's now; hand-some still, but an eager look had come into the eyes, and the mouth was more firmly set. He was starting out into the world anxious for knowledge of its determined to fight and conquer. Clearly the night he left home came hack to him. She of the langhing eyes was with him, but they langhed no longer. Tears were brimming over and the little lips too treminous for words.

and then began to think how they could continue their journey.

It was not that they were unfeelingonly "practical;" there was nothing to be done and they were in a hurry. Only Bradshaw remained standing by

the body-he felt shaken, unnerved, strangely old. Those silent lips seemed bidding him stay. A voice was speak-ing to him through them unheeded by other ears: "Even as I am wilt thou be."-Charlotte Rogers, in Leslie's Newspaper.

WHISTLING FOR WIND.

The Supposed Origin of an Old Superati-tion of the Sca.

There is nothing so tedious, so aggravating to the sailor as a dead calm. Drift, drift, drift, day after day, the great burning sun overhead reflected by the waters until the eye becomes wearied with the eternal brightness The sailor goes about his work listlessly. Not so the officer of the deck. He paces the poop with a quiet, nervous tread, "whistling for a wind."

He is scanning the horizon north. south, east and west, carefully noting every little patch of clouds and whistling with all of his soul for a wind. This is one of the old, old superstitions of the sailor, one of the beliefs which has been traced hither and thither, but never to the propitiation of the gods. It probably had its origin in the impatience of the mariner, who, while his vessel lay drifting idly in the "Zone of Calms," remembered with regret the hoarse moaning, shrieking and whistling of the winds in the more favored spots on the deep and involuntarily tried to imitate it. And this supposition is strengthened by the character of the whistling, for it must be remembered that the becalmed sailor does not whistle "Annie Laurie" or any of the popular songs of the day. The lone-some thrill of his monotonous "whistle" is a series of polyglot sounds that would set a magpie wild with envy. He does not aim at a rhythm, but ejects his puffs of air in long and short notes. now high, now low. like the sounds produced by the wind blowing through the ropes of the rigging .- St. Louis Republic.

Planting by Lamplight.

In the vineyards of Fresno county, Cal., hundred of men may be seen planting grapevines at night by lantern light The vineyard lands seem to be infested with a multitude of huge fireflies, which are darting and moving in every direc-tion. It is claimed that the setting of the stakes can be done much more cas ily and accurately by the aid of lanterns than in broad daylight, that more work is accomplished by the men in the same number of hours, and that a large amount of time is saved. One set of men work from nine o'clock in the evening until six o'clock in the morning, when they are relieved by another relay.

Successful

Successful. Sunso-Where were you last night? Rodd-Out pursuing happiness. Sanso-And did you catch it? Rodd-Bet your life! I chught it like bunder when I got home.-Munaey's Weekly.

work, are improved and strengthened by the very efforts which are put forth in the interests of manual employments. Not only the brain, however, but the moral sense, the heart and life itself are all purified and strengthened by the conscientious performance of hand work. It is said that a large proportion of the inmates of our prisons are ignorant of any handicraft, and doubtless this ignorance has a share in leading them to the commission of the crimes for which they are confined. Industry drives away a multitude of evil suggestions that find an easy lodgment where there are idle hands, Doubtless the knowledge of a trade, bringing with it self-respecting habits, has saved many a youth from temptation and influences which would have been his ruin. Apart from this, however, the happiness, the contentment, the independence that results from some knowledge of hand-work are invaluable to every one. If it be the daily occupation, intelligently pursued and well performed, it is a foundation on which the promotion of the worker is only limited by his industry and talents. Many of the most eminent and useful men, have begun their lives in this way, and all their prosperity and value can be traced back to the thorough knowledge and skillful pursuit of some branch of manual work. If, however, the life-work lies in quite a different direction, the possession of some manual ability will still be of incalculable value. Deft and skillful fingers are a blessing to any man or to any woman.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Orange Marmalade.

Select a dozen large, heavy, yellow-skinned oranges (they should be juicy, but need not be sweet), cut each orange in half across the cores, and with a pointed silver teaspoon scrape out all the pulp and juice, being careful to allow no inside skin or fiber to go in. Leave the pulp, when prepared, in an earthen dish. Then pick out four or five of the best looking of the orange skins, take off all the white you can and pour boiling water over them. Let them boil in a close sauce-pan, chang-ing the water four or five times; then throw into cold water for a moment and again remove any of the white inner skin that remains. Then cut in shreds all the yellow skin, adding to it the pulp. Add an equal quantity of best white sugar (by measure as much sugar as pulp and skins) and boil from a quarter to half an hour. If the oranges are sweet one or two lemons should be added to give the least bit of acidity to the marmalade. Put up in activity to the marinalade. Fit up in small glasses, cover with brandy-paper and then paste on another cover of any thin paper. The marinalade is ready for use immediately, slthough it will keep a long time.—Detroit Free Press.

The Brech She-What kind of a dog is that, ack?

He-Pointer. She-Don't you think he's rather He-Yes; he's a little one for a scent?

Southeast Corner of Ludington and Wolcott Streets. CHICAGO PRICES PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF FURS

WANTED: A WIFE.

I want a wife to reast and toark. To boil and bake and brow: To pickle, can and make preserves And every kind of stew.

i want a wife to knit and sew, And patch and darn and mend; To keep the bittens on my clothes, Repairing every rend.

I want a wife to mop and scrub, To wash and rinse and wring; One that can in the parlor shine, And dance and play and sing;

One that can drive the team to town, And buy and sell or trade; And one that knows a shorel from A hoe, or rake, or spade;

To milk the cows when I'm away: To strain and skim and churn. And have an eye to save as well As have an eye to earn.

I want a wife that's not afraid To fire off a gun; One that can face a snake or toad, And neither screech nor run.

I want a wife to read and write: To post ms on the news: Get up and build the kitchen fire, And shine my Sunday shoes.

I want a wife 'twill never see The smiles of other men, But give her heart and soul to me And to my wants attend.

She must be gay and full of fun-A smiling, happy elf: If there is scolding to be done, Il see to that myself.

I want a wife to cheer my life-A bachelor's a dunce-The girl who will may fill the bill, But don't all speak at once. -Farm and Home

FIRST AND LAST.

Why One Night in a Gambling House Cured the Doctor.

This is the story the doctor told me: "When I left college after winning all the honors there I was sent to Paris to finish my medical education under the care of a famous French surgeon living and practicing in that gay city.

"It was during my wild-oat period, I am sorry to have to confess, when one night I paid my first visit to a gambling house-and my last, for the experience I had taught me a much needed lesson and satisfied my curiosity forever in that line.

"The house in which I was introduced by a supposed friend was gorgeously arrayed and a great game of rouge-et-noir was going on and which I knew not the first thing about.

"But with a young man's conceit increased by the wine which flowed free and freely I found a place at the table and, instructed by my companion, commenced betting.

"With a greenhorn's luck I kept winning and doubling the stakes in spite of my guide's endcavors to make me quit with what I had before my wonderful good fortune changed. Soon the other players withdrew from the game, leaving me alone against the bank. The play had become intensely exciting and I was the center of all eyes. My companion I had offended by ngrily his advice to stop, so he would speak no longer on friendly terms-for which I neither cared nor thought.

the gamblers' gold and being dragged with their wine, like myself.

"Judging from the movements the screw was making, I calculated a half hour must intervene ere my murderess would pay me a visit-providing I didn't bring an attack sooner by alarm-

didn't bring an attack sooner by alarm-ing them. "Without a sound I got a window open and gazed out in the darkness. The wind was blowing and rattling shutters, and might prevent the noise of an escape being heard in case one was possible. "Thick' clouds were flying over the sky, obscuring the moon, just rising. "I could see that my room was in the

"I could see that my room was in the back of the house on the floor below the attic, and that I looked out on a yard bounded by a wall too high to scale, and, no doubt, made so purposely.

"Beneath me on the first floor a window shot forth bright streams of light illuminating the ground where I would have to drop. Every now and then moving shadows there showed plainly that inside that window were my watchers waiting to dispose of my

corpse as soon as it was ready. "The house stood by itself, other-wise I might be able to somehow climb into the next, as I had seen firemen do with a scaling lad er.

"That gave me an idea. If I could rig a ladder of that kind I might reach the roof, cross it and escape by climb-ing down the water pipe in front to the street, which, thanks to my athletic college culture, I would be probably sble to do.

"How quickly a person's wits will act sometimes when death seems sure and soon.

"I looked around the room for material to make my scaling ladder, which seemed my only hope. "Two bed slats luckily I found be-

neath my mattress. The wire which hung the old soldier's picture and others on the wall bound them securely

together. "I had a knife of many blades, one being a screw-driver. In the closet were large and strong clothes hooks. Quickly I unscrewed four, and as quick-ly put them upside down on my slats to within a few inches of the top. Half a dozen chair rugs, which I easily got from some chairs, bound at proper dis-tances on the slats with the picture wire made my scaling ladder complete and I thought strong enough to support my weight. If it wasn't I'd be killed

anyway. "I looked at my bed. The canopy was three-quarters of the way down. I had no more time to lose. Taking the gold, which had been tied tightly in my handkerchief and placed under my pillow by my loving host, I fastened it about my waist and in stocking feet noiselessly went to the window with my ladder. Peering above I could see the gutter's edge and raising the ladder found it reached and managed to hook it fast. Then I got out of the window sill and prepared to mount.

"Trying it carefully with my weight, which made it swing inward against the house, thereby holding better, I

THE SEALWEEKLY 1.03 0007 271 V 28 1804.

OF GENERAL INTEREST. -Mr. Martin, of Winstead, Conn., did

-Mr. Martin, of Winstead, Conn., did a yery remarkable thing the other day. While tapping maple trees he came to a telegraph pole which stands in a line with some of the trees. He thought-lessly bored it and hung his sap-pail on the tree and started for the next tree. Happening to look up after he had passed on, he went back and recovered his pail, but failed to plug the hole.

-The greatest diving feat ever achieved was in moving the cargo of the ship Cape Horn, wrecked off the coast of South America, when a diver named Hooper made seven descents to a depth of 201 feet, and at one time remained under water forty-two minutes. Siebe sistes the groatest depth to which a man has ever descended to be 204 feet, equivalent to a pressure, of eighty-eight and one-half pounds per sequare inch.

-Hon. Josiah Quincy tells the wealthy young men of America that if, instead of "devoting themselves to the acquisition of greater wealth, or the dilettanti dabbling in intellectual or marked capacity, they should devote themselves to public affairs they would not only find attacts and not only find greater and more absorbing interest and a better school for the training of character, but would render much more valuable service to the community."

-Much mystification perplexed a jury of colored men in South Carolina, when they endeavored to account for the death of a man whose body had been found in the road. In his hand warm discussion, a few of the jurors thought it looked like a case of murder; but this wise verdict was solemnly rendered: "We, the jury, find the de-ceased guilty of carrying concealed weapons.'

-Countess Wydenbruck, a wealthy Austrian lady, has sold one of her estates in Karnthen, the old castle of Tazenberg, which was built in the fifteenth century by the archbishop of Salzburg. This prelate was a man of queer and curious fancies, and after pondering long and gravely as to what should be the unique feature of his castle, he determined to make it a kind of perpetual almanae by giving it as many gates as the year has months, as many rooms as the year has weeks, and as many windows as the year has days.

-There is one peculiarity in the construction of fire-proof buildings that few people have noticed. I refer to the impossibility of keeping the floors lev-el. This applies to all buildings in which iron is used for supporting floors, but particularly to those in which steam is extensively applied to heating. The steam pipes, running near the iron girders cause them to expand, and as the walls are always strong enough to resist the pressure, there is a forcing up of the iron. This causes regular hills and valleys in the floor, although, of course, they are not very apparent --St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

-Perhaps the latest recruit to



"A great pile of gold lay before me on the table stacked against the bank's for the last deciding throw.

"If I won the bank was broken, With my fool's luck I did win.

"The game was over and my pockets bulged with their load of yellow French coins, swept into them without counting.

"Then more wine from the polite and smiling keeper and my head swam and things danced confusedly around me.

"I remember some one offering to help me and saying I shouldn't risk being murdered and robbed by going home and telling me I could have a bed in that house where I could sleep off my wine and excitement and be perfectly safe till daylight protected me.

"I remember, too, shaking his hand and vowing eternal friendship and, arm in arm, going with him to a room upstairs and getting into a bed and hearing him wish me a bon soir, monsieur, and then softly close the door and leave me.

"I must have fallen asleep immediately and slumbered not long. When I awoke, though my head felt weak it was clear, and in a few minutes I came to myself a bit and lay there trying to think if all was a dream or reality.

"The room was handsomely furnished and lighted by a gas jet turned rather low.

"A picture hung on the wall at the foot of the bed, which I began to notice had four high posts reaching to the celling and holding some sort of top canopy extending over the whole with short curtains at the sides.

The picture which I was watching listlessly was a figure of an old soldier standing grimly, sternly and straight, gazing, too, at me. After awhile I got tired of the old fellow and shut my eyes. When I opened them after some minutes half dozing my grim sentmel's hat had disappeared. That seemed strange, and I closed my eyes again When I looked the old chap's. head was gone.

"I lay, puzzling over the affair, and wondered if my head was to be depended upon yet, until, to make sure, I stepped from the bed to the floor.

"The first thing that struck me was that the canopy of my bed looked queer. It seemed lower, and the four posts holding it seemed to have pierced through its corners and into the ceiling above. While I was trying to understand I saw between the canopy and the ceiling a glistening, long, thick iron rod, apparently grooved like an immense screw, and twisting so noiselessly and slowly as to be scarcely per-

"At once it flashed on me that I was in peril of some kind, and, though badly startled, I managed to avoid making a noise, while I tried to commaking a noise, while I tried to com-prehend what deviltry was going on. "Soon I saw through it all. The canopy was bogus-merely hiding a soft mattress or something, which was being forced gradually down by the screw worked from the room above, and was intended to catch and smother whoever slept on the bed, after winning

nerved myself and stepping from the sill I began my perilous ascent.

"Half way up I thought of the win-dow of the room above where the machinery for my suffocation was being worked--but it was too late to retreat and I must take the chance of not being detected by the worker.

"When my head came ab ove the gutter I saw a light inside that room, but the curtain was fortunately drawn over the glass. With strong but trembling arms I raised myself on the gutter and quietly pulling the ladder after me crawled along like a cat to the corner of the house. As I expected, the mansard roof had the gutter's ledge all around it, but before I could turn its corner my escape was discovered, and I heard low voices evidently proceeding from the window I had just climbed out of. In another moment men with lanterns and a fierce dog were searching the yard, thinking, of course, that I must have gotten down into it.

"Not daring to move and fearing that the bright moon then breaking through a rift in the clouds would expose me to the fellows below, I flattened myself against the roof's edge and waited. Then the moon burst forth shining di-rectly where I hid and I saw or felt that the searchers had found me, for leaving the yard they reentered the house and I could hear them calling to the worker in the attic room behind me. Like a snake but quicker I squirmed around the house corner to its front, found the water pipe and grasp-ing it let myself over and down and slid without much trouble but with many scratches to the street, just as the mont attic window opened and a head came forth.

"When I stopped running I was blocks away and safe with my hard-earned gold and only half dressed, but I found a little inn where people were honest and there rested until daybreak among a lot of early-rising market folks who were polite enough to ask no questions.

"Not wishing to make a scandal concerning myself, in which case I would have lost not only my reputation but my bag of gambler's gold, I said noth-ing to the police."-H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

Trying to Make Coin Spront.

Little Eddic's papa, while digging in a flower bed the other day, found two cents embedded in the soil, much to the little fellow's surprises Papa gave him the money, and Eddie asked him if money would grow.

"Yes," said papa thoughtlessly, "if it is in a bank," and laughed heartily at his joke.

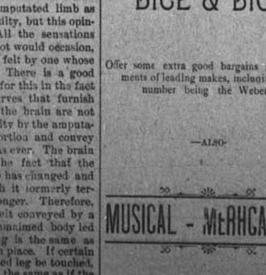
Little Eddle, however, looked very serious. He made no comment, how-ever. The next day his mother saw him dig a hole in the garden, plant something in it and cover it up. "What have you been planting, Ed-die?" she inquired when he came into

ranks of the New York canvasser is a rosy-cheeked young woman by the sinister name of Miss Fortune, who represents a "face plumper" manufacturer. She goes from house to house with her wares, but never proffers them unless the checks of the family are in a state of collapse. Oddly enough, she gets her calling lists from the local dentists, offering payment when necessary for the addresses of women who have had one or more teeth extracted. It is immaterial to her whether the molar was pulled a month or twenty years ago; the cavity is sure to be attended by a facial depression.

-Perfumer William Aubrey Kinnilly, who died in 1868, left \$75,000 in bonds and a fine house and grounds in Brooklyn for an orphan asylum. He was a bachelor. Two of his oldest friends were executors of the will. They were to be the first of a series of guardians of a perpetual trust. The scheme was alluring, and it is easy to imagine the satisfied smile which played about the perfumer's face as he laid down his philanthropic testamentary pen. But the law forbids perpetual trusts that tie up real estate until the crack of doom. Therefore the state of New York seized Kinnilly's property and still holds it. Since 1870 scores of claimants have tried to prove relationship, but have failed.

-Carneolian girdles are the latest fad of the collector. They are beautiful pieces of workmanship, consisting of alternate links of plain and filigree silver, and were formerly worn by Carneolian brides on their wedding day. The possible to purchase the girdles from the peasants. An Austrian lady, who is the proud possessor of thirty of these beautiful ornaments, loops back her curtains with silver girdles, decorates her mirror with them and loops them in festoons about her "silver table," in which all manner of silver curios are grouped together-old Dutch spoons with win mill sais at the top, tiny spinning wheels with correct action, peasant's rings set with deers' teeth, all wrought out of the precious metal.

Pain in Amputated Limbs. Many consider the idea that a man can feel pain in an amoutated limb as a super ditious absurdity, but this opinion is a mistake. All the sensations that an injury to a foot would occasion, for instance, may be felt by one whose foot is amputated. There is a good physiological reason for this in the fact that many of the nerves that furnish communication with the brain are not injured in their activity by the amputation of their lower portion and convey sensation as realily as ever. The brain fails to recognize the fact that the function of the nerve has changed and that the part in which it formerly terminated exists no longer. Therefore, when a sensation is felt conveyed by a nerve that in the u unnimed body led to the foot, the feeling is the same as if the foot was still in place. If certain nerves in an suputated leg be touched, the feeling is exactly the same as if the foot was touched and the sensation of pain is felt not where it is applied, but where the mind has been in the habit of receiving communications from the nerve in question.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat. when a sensation is felt conveyed by a



The Only Complete Line in Escanaba,

706 Ludington Street.

CHOICE BUTTER and FRESH EGGS.

and deals them out on the corner of Hale and Georgia streets.

SEMI-WEEKLY IRON PORT JULY 28, 1891.

A HORSE RACE.

An Exciting Scene on a Missouri Fair Ground.

They were horse men. Almost every one of them had some piece of jewelry in the shape of a horse running or troting that he wore as a watch-charm or in. As one drew nearer remarks could be heard about the speed of such and such a horse, pedigrees were discussed and fine points argued. Some especially fine event upon the race-track would call forth lamations of admiration, and chairs were drawn closor together as ex-citing contests of speed were being re-lated. One of the party who had taken a deep interest in a graphic description of a memorable turf even, at the conclusion of it remarked:

"That's the stuff. You fellows that sit in the grand-stand and watch a race think it is exciting, don't you? Well, it is. I speak from experience. O, yes; I rode when I was a kid. That was in '66, and we didn't always have a play mile track to ride on the newslip. mice mile-track to ride on. We usually just guessed the distance if it was a long race, and paced it off if it was a short one. No bookmakers then, and there were seldom more than two starters. The stakes were even up.

"We would ran anything from a hundred-yard pony race to a two-mile stretch, and even farther if necessary. That was after the war was supposed to be over, but bless you it was going on in that country some time after-wards. We had a string of eight head of horses to run with, and they were beaters every time. We were doing southern Missouri, Kansas and Nebrasks. Although they were not thickly settled, no railroads there, and very limited telegraph service, there were enough dead game sports to make it interesting, and if a fellow had a horse that he thought was a winner and he was just itching to try his speed for anything almost - pistols, saddles, horse for horse, or money-all he had to do was to get out on the prairie and declare himself and somebody-some times a white man and sometimes an Indian-would either trot out of the hazel brush or spring up from the prairie grass and accept the challenge. It was surprising where they all came from. They would run for anythingeven wager part of their clothing.

"Well, as I said before, we had eight horses and they were thoroughbred Kentucky racers at that. You see my old man kind of hankered to mingle in the slight unpleasantness that was just over. He was not my own fatheradopted me when I was a four-yearold

"At the close of the trouble down south he bought horses and started lown into Missouri. You see he just wanted excitement. He took me with him and I want to say we got what we were looking for. We fitted up at St. Louis, got a big wagon and camp out-fit and the party consisted of the old man, three St. Louis gamblers, two negroes, four draft horses, eight racers, me and a bulldog. I was nearly twelve years old at that time. We started overland, for the railroad only ran as far as. Sedalia then. We headed for Springfield. A few incidents in the way of short races for small stakes oc-curred on the way, hardly worth mentioning, though. I was doing the riding. We arrived in Springfield after a journey of ten or twelve days and there we did strike a pudding. "At that time there was a garrison of union soldiers near there. Everybody seemed to be able to rake up a little money to bet on a horse race. We quartered the horses, negroes and bulldog in a livery stable on the public square and ensconced ourselves very comfortably at the Lyon house, then the leading botel of the town. Then the old man made a few remarks publicly that were calculated to lead the citizens to infer that he believed he had some horses that could outrun anything in those parts and he emphasized his remarks by exhibiting some long green that was branded with the flat of the United States of America. Now just at that time there happened to be a horse down there called Honest Bob. He had succeeded in beating everything that had started against him a 1 his owner considered him invincible His opinion was backed by dollars usually and his neighbors were perfectly willing to furnish any amount that he needed to make up a purse as large as anyone might desire to run for. Bob's distance was a mile. This being the situation you can readily believe that the governor did not have to flaunt his greenbacks very long before finding a taker. The race was made, the terms agreed upon and money put up. The distance to be run was two miles. "These conditions were insisted upon by the old man because he knew Bob was very fast for a mile. The animal we put up against him was a four-year-old mare. She was awful speedy for any distance, but two miles was her specialty, and she was a world-bester, I firmly believe. We had two weeks to train in. Everybody was interested, and men, women and even children were talking about the coming event. The backers of Honest Bob gathered in knots about the public square and whispered to each other that it was almost like a confidence game to take bets against him. The terms of the race demanded that it should be run on a certain day, rain or shine, no post-ponement, or money should be for-feited by the owner of the horse failing to start at the crack of the pistol. The time approached and three days before the race, right when the excitement the race, right when the excitement was running high, the governor scemed to suffer a violent spasm of despond-ency. He confidentially remarked in a deep boarse whisper that he was afraid bla mare had gone lame. This remark was apparently intended to be heard only by the person it was addressed to, but it seemed to reach further and all if section to fram of several at-tive listeners. Then is echoed on ad on notil almost everyone in the

impression that she had done the last quarter in a shade better time than ever bofore. I began to get just a triffe apprehensive that I had crowded her a little bit too hard and caused the isme-ness. Then I recalled the soulful chuckle from George Washington, her darky groom, when he rubbed her down and gave her ber feed. Dey ain't no borse dat kin beat yo, honey, 'ness dey got wings,' he had murmured as he stroked her clean legs. I felt that there must be a false impression out some way and I was about to ex-press myself to that effect when I got a wink from the governor that I under-stood meant that I should emulate the example of the clam, shut up and think. I went over to the stable to see the invalid. There ahe was her legs all wrapped up in finnel bandages, and the invalid. There are was nor legs all wrapped up in dannel bandages, and a strong odor of liniment perfilecated the atmosphere; she must be lama. Several sympathetic natives called and offered their condolences. They said it was really too bad that we had come so far to have to walk back, it would be so

much further. "I was questioned by many as to the extent of her injury. I admitted in my innocent, childish way that she must be lame. The governor had an interview with Mr. Orr, Bob's owner, and intimated that he would like to have a show for his white alley That gentleman said he knew he had a 'cipch' from the start, and he would stick to terms of the race as laid down by the governor. Soon after the conference the boss began to hedge, or try to Odds were offered by Bob's backers, and it seemed as if their money would go begging, until the day of the race, when money was taken at odds on the mare until quite a pot of it was up. In the excitement nobody seemed to notice that takers were coming rather anxious to get all the bets that could be pro-cured at any odds offered. The time drew near for the race, and the town was evacuated. Everybody went out to the fair grounds to see it. There was no regulation costume for that day There was the soldier in blue, farmer in jeans, and the citizen in broadcloth "The track was a half mile and in

tolerably good condition. There was no grand stand and the crowd jostled and stood as near the track as possible. The first horse to come on the track was Bob. Of course he received an ovation. Then the mare followed. The flannel bandages were still on her legs and bound so tight that she stepped almost stiff legged. Bob's rider, a boy about my own age, was up and eager for the start. Well, they took the blanket off of the mare. She stood with her head well up, eyes bright, coat sleek, and ears forward.

"'Put the saddle on her,' said the governor, and then, taking me by the arm and stepping aside, he whispered 'My son, there is a heap of money on this race; force the mare from start to finish; make him run that first mile as fast as he can.' These were my instructions.

" 'Get ready,' said the starter. " 'Take the bandages off,' said the governor. Then I mounted her and the horses were headed in the opposite

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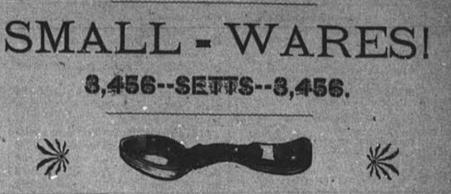
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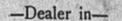
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"It was quite a revelation to m

direction to which they were going to run, as was the custom in that country at that time. ""Ready.' We leaned forward and

took a good hold on the reins, clinched our teeth, and waited.

"Bang, and off we went after wheeling our horses about. Bob got the advantage on the start by three good lengths. I steadied my mare and then began giving her the whip from the go, and soon drew up alongside of the horse. I forced him; made him strain every muscle. He did run nobly for threequarters of a mile, but I could see he was weakening just a trifle as we came down the headstretch on the second turn. I drew to his nose and he was pumping hard for all the wind he could get. The mare seemed to be getting better. As we passed the crowd I began to draw away, and how they did yell with chagrin. I was only a kid and didn't have sense enough to get scared, but I realized that that crowd was mad by a large majority and might make trouble for me, as I had to pass them twice more before I could win their money. I could hear Bob blowing behind me and 1 made the pace a little hotter. When we got just past the quarter on the second mile he quit. His head went down and his tail went up and he was beat. As I came past the crowd the third time I knew they were red-hot, and something was liable to happen at any minute. I gave the mare her full head and then the whip and spur. As we rounded the turn for the finish that human mass began to writhe and surge on to the track. It seemed to be their intention to block me and make my horse fly the track. She headed right for them as if she was blind. The air seemed to if she was blind. The air seemed to be full of hats, arms, umbrellas and strong language. There was just a little opening left, just about wide enough to squeeze through As the brave little mare dashed through that enraged throng hands clutched at her bridle and my larm but these neares bridle and my legs, but they never touched us. I saw the governor waving his hand and beckoning me to run through the gate and I did. We galloped two miles and a half into town and then two miles further until we

got to a rendezvous in the brush, where the governor had sent our stock for safety. The mare had run six miles and a half, and did not seem to be any the worse for it. either

"After we got everything safe we went back to town and collected our bets. William Hikaock protected us. He got the right tip before the race, you see. Wild Bill, as he was more familiarly called, made Springfield his headquarters about that time We left that night I don't know what their circulating medium was after we left. for we got almost all the money in sight."-Chicago Tribune.

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tiven her a two mile gallop that Wife Why 1 bargalood on sixty ing and was isboring under the days' tim for lots of things -Life.

